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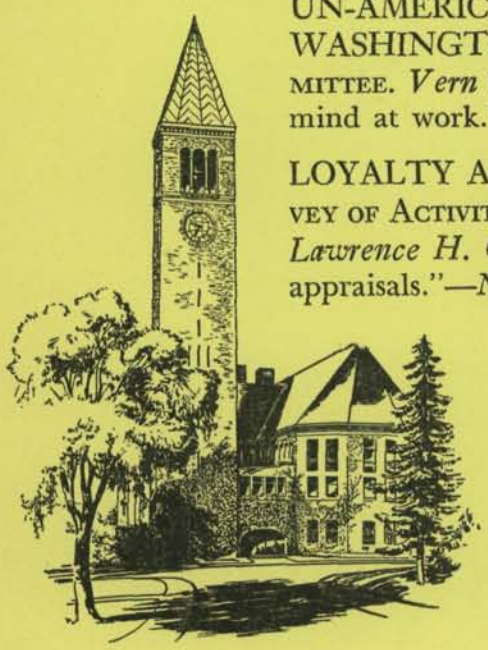

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A whole Company of Marines said "THANKS"

How a group of telephone women helped to make it a Merry Christmas for the men in Korea

Santa's suit was made by a South Korean who had never seen or heard of Santa Claus. South Koreans also took turns in drawing the jeep trailer.

Helping others to have a Merry Christmas is a tradition among telephone people. In recent years there has been an increasing number of gifts for those in the service.

One group of telephone women observed last Christmas by sending a holiday package to every man in Company E of the 1st Marines in Korea. They adopted this company in remembrance of Corporal Richard E. deVilliers, a fellow-worker who was killed in action while serving with Company E.

Members of the TEVS, *the Telephone Employees Volunteer Service in San Francisco, holding the scroll of thanks from the Marines. It is one of their proudest possessions.*

You can imagine what happened when all those packages arrived.

The boys made quite an occasion of it. There was much scurrying around to get a Santa Claus suit. None was available but finally they found a South Korean who could sew and the job was completed after a lot of picture drawing and explaining. Then Santa was mounted on a trailer and drawn along in state.

After the packages were opened, a scroll of appreciation was signed by every member of the company and sent back to this country. More than two hundred of the men wrote letters of thanks.

"Your kindness," wrote their Captain, "brought happiness to the hearts of a group of Marines, many of whom were spending their first Christmas away from home."

It all turned out so well that it was decided to do the same thing again this year. So hundreds of packages are on their way across the seas to help make it a Merry Christmas in Korea.

THIS IS JUST ONE OF MANY WAYS in which telephone people in many communities say "Merry Christmas."

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 22 *WINTER, 1952-53* Number 1

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 22 *Winter, 1952-53* NUMBER 1

Something Old Has Been Added

ADLAI STEVENSON OF ILLINOIS

GERALD W. JOHNSON

BEFORE THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN had been under way two weeks, perspicacious observers realized that the result was inevitable in two respects, regardless of what happened on the fourth day of November—we were bound to have a bald-headed President and liberalism would have a new leader.

By the time they left office many of our Presidents have been pretty thin on top, but if Stefan Lorant's pictures in *The Presidency* are to be trusted—and that book is a rather trustworthy guide in other things—not since John Quincy Adams have we had a really polished dome entering the Presidency. Martin Van Buren's forehead was getting terrifically high, but all the others had a reasonably adequate mop when they were first inaugurated. Yet even in July we knew that in this respect we would revert to J. Q. Adams next January.

The evidence that liberalism has a new leader became plain in Adlai E. Stevenson's speech of acceptance. It had begun to appear even earlier, in the speech in which, as Governor of Illinois, he welcomed the Democratic convention to that state. It became stronger in every campaign speech he made, and it was overwhelming by the middle of October. By November 4, nothing remained to be decided except whether he would lead from the White House, as

✪ GERALD W. JOHNSON, formerly an editorial writer for the *Baltimore Sun*, is now a free-lance newspaperman and reviewer. Among his many books are *Roosevelt: Dictator or Democrat?*, *American Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *Woodrow Wilson* and *The American People*.

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Roosevelt and Wilson did, or from the platform and editorial chair, as William Jennings Bryan did for twenty years. His defeat means only that he must lead more slowly than would have been the case had the country voted the other way.

His courage, his wit, his lucidity and his shrewdness are all reasons why the diffused liberal sentiment of the country polarized around Stevenson and made it certain long before the election that this man, win, lose or draw, will have to be reckoned with by both parties as long as he retains his health and strength.

Yet there is another less obvious but perhaps far more potent catalyst that had something to do with the event. Stevenson reintroduced into the Presidential lottery an element that had long been missing, certainly since the first election of Thomas Jefferson, perhaps since the first election of George Washington. This element was genuine reluctance.

George Washington didn't want to be President. This is different from not wishing to be a candidate; many men have honestly preferred not to run in a specific campaign because the odds were hopelessly against them. But Washington didn't want to hold the office because there were other things that he preferred to do. There is some reason to believe that Jefferson felt the same way in 1800, although the evidence is less conclusive. It is beyond doubt that Jefferson thought he alone could do certain things that needed doing, which slightly fogs the clarity of his reluctance.

But for a century and a half no man eminent enough to be seriously considered has been plainly and unmistakably reluctant to hold the office. Truman's consternation in 1945 is no exception. He was pitchforked into the job by Destiny, and no man likes an experience of that sort. His perturbation does not indicate that he would have objected to election in the regular way.

But in July, people who knew him well had no doubt that Stevenson did not want to be President. He sought to avoid the nomination, not out of fear that he would be defeated, but out of fear that he would be elected. Once the campaign warmed up, his attitude changed, of course. Any fighter, once committed to battle, soon burns with the desire to win. But the attitude of July was funda-

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mental, and when the flush engendered by the heat of the contest fades, the former attitude is likely to reappear.

So we have in public life, although presently without office, a qualified man with an active dislike of the office of President of the United States. The significance of this fact is not its effect on Adlai Stevenson. On him it will have no perceptible effect. He will continue to do whatever he thinks his duty, unhappily perhaps, but resolutely. The significant thing is the possible effect it may have on the rest of us, and on the practice of politics in the future.

Of course the country swarms with men who would be genuinely horrified if called on to act as President. I am one. But the reason is that I know I am utterly unqualified for the position and would ruin myself and probably the country within twenty-four hours. To cherish no desire for a job that one could not possibly hold is not reluctance; it is plain sanity.

It may be argued with some plausibility that the Presidency is a job for which no man is really well qualified, for it would test the ability of an archangel. As human affairs go, however, Mr. Stevenson can be called a qualified man. His legal practice has given him long familiarity with business methods and the mentality of businessmen; his service as an appointive official in Washington has familiarized him with the details of administration and the mentality of bureaucrats; and his term as Governor of Illinois has been a swift and effective education in politics and the mentality of politicians. Even in that special enclosure in the field of administration called diplomacy, Stevenson has had an unusually thorough grounding.

Everyone knows all this; so everyone knows that the man's reluctance to enter the White House could not be based on the consciousness of rank incompetence that accounts for the modesty of most of us. This leads to a staggering conclusion: it is possible for an experienced and highly competent American politician to believe that there are better things in life than to be President of the United States!

I do not use "better" in the hedonistic sense. There are many pleasanter things than being President. Every man who has held

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the office has found it unpleasant frequently, and most have escaped from it with sighs of relief; some have hated it bitterly. But since Washington, or perhaps since Jefferson, we have had none who seemed to be convinced that they could find in some other place a more satisfactory opportunity for that complete self-expression that is the desire of every able and vigorous man.

This disrupts a conventional pattern of thinking. Americans have long held it axiomatic that, as a lawyer regards a place on the Supreme Court bench and a priest regards a cardinal's hat as the summit of legitimate ambition, so the Presidency is the ultimate aspiration of a normal politician. Apparently, then, we are driven to face these alternatives: either this man is abnormal, or our thinking has been shallow.

In the way of accepting the first alternative is the massive obstacle of George Washington. The first President was not a typical American, for there has never been another like him; but to call him abnormal would be to outrage common sense. We regard him as a man with certain qualities that we like to consider normal—courage and integrity, especially—raised to a very high power. Like Napoleon, he was grand and to a certain extent gloomy, but he was not in the least peculiar. Yet, although he was a public servant, he did not look upon the Presidency as the *summum bonum,* but as an affliction that had to be borne.

Since this attitude did not prevent him from becoming the greatest of Presidents, it is obviously not a fatal handicap. In fact, the only other man who may have shared it, Jefferson, is also listed among the great Presidents. This drives us toward the other alternative: that for generations we have been guilty of shallow thinking about the office.

In some respects, of course, that requires no argument, being self-evident. For example, the theoretical truth that every American boy has a chance to become President we have converted into the popular myth that any boy has a right to aspire to the Presidency. This is obviously shallow thinking. Even popular mythology doesn't assert that any boy has a right to aspire to be a Supreme Court justice or a cardinal; none can aspire to those honors except

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the few who are able and willing to undergo the rigorous training necessary to make them lawyers or priests. Once they have qualified, they may indeed aspire, but not until they have qualified.

For the Presidency we do, indeed, require certain qualifications not likely to be possessed by the first man taken at random, but that these are relevant is a question. We cherish the delusion that we require a candidate for the Presidency—that is, a candidate who is to be taken seriously—to be honest and a man of distinguished attainments. What we actually require, of course, is that he be law-abiding and a man of some outward dignity. At times we have even foregone the first qualification. Harding, as we now know, was not conspicuously law-abiding, at least as regards prohibition and monogamy, but he was a man of immense outward dignity.

The actual requirements for conspicuous success in the Presidency are quite different. The first and most important is one that the people have no right to exact, since they have no way of judging it except by the event. It is luck. Coolidge and Franklin Pierce are examples of Presidents who had the luck never to encounter a crisis of the first order. There is little evidence that they had anything else, but luck was enough to enable them to finish their terms passably well. The two Roosevelts were lucky, but they had a great deal more than luck. Hoover, on the other hand, was a man of integrity and distinguished attainments, but he had no luck; and without it he was lost.

Beyond that gift of the gods, however, the first qualification of a highly successful President is a genius for interpretation. He must have the ability to make extremely complex propositions seem plain to the electorate. This talent is essentially histrionic, akin to the ability of a great actor to make Hamlet comprehensible to everyone in a crowded theater. Histrionics and honesty are not incompatible, but few will assert that there is any necessary connection between them.

Next to the gift of interpretation, a successful President needs a thorough comprehension of the operations of the mediocre mind. This, George Washington apparently lacked, but his colossal prestige made him independent of it. One may doubt that he would be

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half as successful today, even with all his great qualities, if he were still as ignorant of the ways of thinking of the common people.

For obvious reasons, a successful President's mind cannot be itself mediocre, but it must have a sympathy for mediocrity in order to understand it. This is essential because the brilliantly successful leader of a democracy is not one who takes the people wherever he wishes to go, but one who senses where the people are going anyway and gets there first. Having done this successfully ninety-nine times, he may be able for once to lead them where he wishes to go; but he can do it only infrequently. This form of expertness is not incompatible with dignity, but certainly there is no necessary connection between the two.

The third qualification, and one that has assumed enormously increased importance in recent years, is well-nigh limitless intellectual agility. The United States has not so much won, as had thrust upon it the hegemony of half the world, which means that every new situation that develops anywhere in the world presents a problem to the hegemon. The President of the United States could rarely speak with absolute assurance even when he had no more than strictly national problems on his hands. Now that he is directly involved in the problems of Pakistan, India, the Burmese, the Chinese, and all others, the ability to shift his position as rapidly as situations shift—which is with dizzy speed—becomes supremely important. The character of an intellectual acrobat is not incompatible with distinguished achievement, but the connection between the two is by no means inevitable.

In short, there is no necessary connection between successful administration of the Presidency and honesty, dignity and distinguished achievement. Naturally, "successful" in this connection means contemporary success. A President may be more than a bit of a scoundrel and yet highly successful in the eyes of his own generation, although history is pretty sure to see him in a different light. The final test is pragmatic. If his administration, twenty years later, seems to have tended to "effect the safety and happiness" of the people, then his place is assured; if not, then he will be reviled, although his character may have been as spotless as an angel's wings.

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So the appearance in American politics of a capable public servant who really did not want to be President is a reminder of the truth that the Presidency is not worth any and every price. It is a wholesome reminder, for we were in danger of making an idol of the office. Henry Clay may have been hypocritical when he said, "I would rather be right than be President"; nevertheless he stated the only sound doctrine. The almost unanimous assumption that any man who proclaims it is a hypocrite may be correct, but it is an embarrassing commentary on our political morality.

No mortal man, only the omniscient Searcher of Hearts, could assert flatly that Adlai E. Stevenson was not shamming when he sought to avoid the nomination. But he didn't seem to be shamming. He seemed to be reverting to the attitude of the first and greatest President; and, in so doing, he has injected that idea into American politics again. He has added something old, but as salutary as it is old.

It is probable that Governor Stevenson fought the whole campaign with something of Thoreau's "quiet desperation." A close reading of his speeches reveals plenty of evidence that his mind was shadowed by the conviction that November 4 would produce only two losers, no winner, because the man who won the office would be a ruined man by 1956.

Unhappily, it is an apprehension only too well founded on fact. Assuming that there is no World War—a gigantic assumption indeed—there will remain the problem of the adjustment of the American people to a new position in the world, a position for which there are no precedents and no experience to guide us. It is, in fact, the problem that President Washington faced, except that its dimensions have been enlarged from a single continent to the whole world.

Yet Washington solved his problem, which is reasonable ground for believing that this larger but similar one must be attacked in the same spirit, although not by the same methods, that informed Washington. Hence if there were no evidence in the whole field of public life that even a spark of this spirit remained in any leader, the prospect would be dark indeed. For in the final analysis, whether

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the Taft-Hartley law is repealed or merely amended; whether taxes are reduced or not; whether we deflate gradually and fairly smoothly, or by one grand bust; and whether the president of the CIO or the president of the NAM is received more politely at the White House for the next four years—all these will be important, at most, for the next four years. But whether or not the American people, *by assuming their responsibilities,* rise to their opportunities will be important for the next forty and perhaps for the next four hundred years.

The fact that one prominent political leader has given some evidence that he comprehends and perhaps shares the spirit of Washington is accordingly of more importance than the outcome of the election. For such a man is bound to be effective—in the White House, or out of it—as long as he can command the attention of the people.

The jubilation naturally, inevitably, and perhaps rightly, belongs to the winner of the election. But the quiet satisfaction came to thoughtful people even as the campaign began; for it was demonstrated that under some circumstances the office actually can seek a man who has not "cast longing eyes" upon it.

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The Trustees of the Privately Endowed University

WILMARTH S. LEWIS

THE SUBJECT OF THIS ORATION is one that I have been warned against choosing. Everyone agrees that it has never been more important than it is today, "but," as one expert on it said to me, "no one knows enough to talk about it." Another friend said, "You will not please anybody with your Oration and you will exhaust yourself and your wife writing it." During the past three months both of these statements have been confirmed.

Why is this subject so difficult? Considering how much time is given to talking about trustees it is remarkable that people should be so muddled about them. They are regarded with esteem, envy and suspicion; they are honored and caricatured. Why is there this confusion? Are not the functions of trustees of a privately endowed university perfectly clear? As a matter of fact, they are not. The four sets of people who are most concerned—the president and his officers in administration, the faculty, the graduates, and the trustees themselves—agree pretty much within their own groups about what the trustees should do and not do, but there agreement ends. And now, with utter recklessness, I shall try to say what each of the four groups thinks the functions of trustees are.

Most presidents believe that the functions of trustees are few and formal; the presidents who think otherwise are likely to be men who but for the grace of God might themselves have been trustees. A familiar attitude is that of the administrator who said at the inaugural of a young president, "Don't let the trustees push

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you around." This advice suggests a certain tension that is also discernible in an article called "Why Presidents Wear Out." There the author lists at the head of the forces in league against the president "the board of trustees (by whatever name)" and states that an active trustee is "a domineering" trustee. These remarks are more outspoken than the summary of an eminent president: "The proper work of the board," he said, "is to choose a president. Having done so, the internal affairs of the institution must be left to the president and his faculty." Thus even a temperate observer of trustees recommends their effacement, except when the need for a new president gives them their rare season of flowering, and he believes this so strongly that he suspends them in a hanging participle.

So far as the faculty is concerned, trustees are all but mythical. The average scholar knows little about what they do: he may never meet one. To the scholar the trustee's chief significance is his reputed power of making faculty appointments. The scholar is well aware of the protracted exploration that his academic superiors make into the records of candidates, but he is told that the ultimate decision rests with the alien governing body. If the scholar's subject is Sanskrit he is bound to question the trustee's capacity to pass upon his professional merits; if his subject is economics he may fear that the trustee's personal views will lead him to doubt the scholar's fitness for promotion. In any event, it is easy to see why the scholar may also view the trustee with a somewhat cold eye and why he writes papers to say that there should be "legal representation of the faculty on the governing board of every college and university in the country."

In the minds of graduates, to become a trustee of one's university is to receive one of the most coveted honors in the country. Graduates believe that the trustees' power is absolute, and they frequently think that too little use is made of it. If you walk into any university club at the end of an afternoon you will find groups of graduates gravely talking about some aspect of university affairs that they would like to see altered. The subject of these colloquies may be the university's lack of a cosmotron or a Gutenberg Bible; the subject could be the desirability of hiring a football coach who

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would win games instead of losing them; the subject is sure to be, somewhere in the building, the presence of certain men on the faculty who are alleged to hold views that differ from those held by the graduates discussing them. At length someone will ask, whatever the subject may be, "Why don't the trustees do something?" Heads shake sadly; the last glass is put down; the group goes silently home to dinner: it is all too clear that the trustees will do nothing whatever.

And how do the trustees view themselves? Far more modestly than is sometimes supposed. A graduate is justly proud of his trusteeship; he is ready to spend a great deal of time and thought on it. Yet on taking his place on the board, he becomes aware of how little he knows about the university, no matter how faithfully he has read the alumni magazine and gone to alumni dinners and talked to his undergraduate sons. Can this be the place that was a part of him years ago? These new schools and institutes and centers, what are they, anyway? What has happened to the things that meant most to him at college—the friendships he made there, the furious undergraduate activity, the teacher whose wisdom or eccentricity lingers in his mind? He sits through his first meetings in a haze of bewilderment, painfully aware of his ignorance. In this trying period he may well ask himself, "What are the functions of a university trustee?"

Some weeks ago, when dining in a certain company of gentlemen, I put this question to them. Although nearly all of those present were university trustees, my question was not answered with the fullness and clarity I had hoped for. Trustees elect the president, it was agreed; they oversee the university's investments; they may also, as individuals, give advice in technical matters of which they have extensive knowledge. They may further, it developed, serve a function of considerable usefulness: since the consent of the trustee is necessary for university legislation, the president and his lieutenants must prepare their proposals for it with care, bearing in mind the dread possibility that the trustees may exercise their right to ask questions and raise objections. Here we have, it was recognized, an incentive to sober planning, a function that might be called Being a Cloud no Bigger

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than a Man's Hand. There it is, the Cloud, always in the sky, "A sight to dream of, not to tell." Yet the president may be glad to point to it on occasion. To illustrate: When Professor A goes to the president with a request that the president does not wish to refuse in his own person, it is helpful to him to be able to say, "I'll take your request up with the trustees if you insist, but I am certain that they will turn you down and that this inopportune request may jeopardize a timely one later." Professor A withdraws his request, and the trustees, all unknowing, have eased the burdens of administration. Apart from these functions, little was certain to the group at the dinner table; in fact, the discussion was concluded with the question, "Why do there have to be trustees, anyway?" The full duty of trustees is not evident even to trustees.

Why, indeed, do we have them? The obvious answer is found in the original charter of the university, an example of which is furnished by the Act to Erect a Collegiate School in Connecticut in 1701. The Act named ten clergymen of the Colony as "Trustees, Partners, or Undertakers" for the School, "who should imploy the moneys or any other estate" contributed for the benefit of the School and who should "have henceforward the oversight full and compleat Right Liberty and Priviledge to furnish direct manage order improve and encourage" the School "in such ways orders and manner and by such Persons Rector Master and Officers appointed by them as shall according to their best discretion be most conducible to attaine" the desired ends of the School. These ten clergymen represented the orthodoxy and authority of the time as well as its learning. During the past seventy-five years the clergymen have largely given way on the governing boards to financiers and lawyers, the modern representatives of orthodoxy and authority. They exercise two of their predecessors' powers without challenge: the right to appoint the president and the right to hold title to and control the university's property. Much of the difficulty in trying to define the trustees' role today arises from the fact that the third characteristic of the original trustees, learning, has passed to the faculty. And learning is the primary concern of the university.

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Let us now try to answer the far more difficult question: What should the trustees do today in addition to choosing the president and "imploying" the moneys of the university? Trustees, we have seen, are a jury whose favorable verdict must be secured by the president; as individuals they may be able to give expert advice upon a particular university problem; the board as a whole, through its collective wisdom, its inherited sense of continuity and its objectivity, may serve as a temperate balance and guide through the years. This is much, but today trustees have a still further duty, and that is to bridge the gulf of ignorance that divides the professionals (the scholars) and the laity (the graduates and friends of the institution whose continuing gifts are necessary to its welfare). This may not be a new duty, but it is an urgent one. The view, which was prevalent in university adminstration at one time, that the graduates are a nuisance to be tolerated only because the university needs their money, has yielded to the more sensible course of seeking, and taking, the advice of outstanding graduates upon matters in which their advice is valuable. This has been pure gain for all concerned; yet there remains the problem of the graduates whose connection with the university is second-hand. Among them—who are necessarily the majority—are found those who really do believe that scholars are allied, in a greater or less degree, with the enemies of our society. These graduates say that scholars are just the people the enemy would suborn because scholars are gullible idealists, because they are underpaid, and because they speak directly into the ears of the picked youth of the land. Anyone who travels about this country will hear them make all of these statements and will be able to say with the Bastard in *King John:*

> . . . as I travell'd hither through the land,
> I find the people strangely fantasied,
> Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
> Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

A few graduates go so far as to claim that their contributions to the university entitle them to dictate what the university shall teach and how it shall teach it. To them the trustee can speak

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better than anyone else because he is a surrogate for the graduates in the administration of the university, whether he is elected by them or not. When a classmate says to him, "I know you must have academic freedom and all that, but why can't you see to it that the right ideas are put in the students' heads before they graduate?" he will be wise not to ask his classmate what he means by "right ideas," but content himself with pointing out that if the trustees attempted to do anything of the kind, the entire faculty, including its most conservative members, would resign as soon as they could. The trustee may add that he is a conservative and that he is opposed to his classmate's radicalism, which would tear the place up by the roots. To the more hysterical he can say that by undermining confidence in the patriotism of the American scholar they may be serving the Soviets just as much as any card-carrying Communist. Finally, in response to the argument that he who pays the piper calls the tune, he can say what trustees have said before him—and none more eloquently than a recent trustee of Harvard—that the university is not for sale. The trustee can, in short, cease being the whipping-boy of American scholars and become their champion.

Trustees are the ideal spokesmen for graduates. Yet before they can say what they should say, they must usually undergo a course of instruction. The modern American university is so complex that only a few administrative officers have detailed knowledge of all of it. Tours arranged for the benefit of the trustee, gallops through the library or physics laboratory, show him how little he knows. Of the immensely important personal relationships that exist in every corner of the university and that make every situation unique, he has probably no knowledge whatever. The sensible trustee gradually realizes that he must leave the running of the university to the president and his colleagues, that he must be content to consider the problems they bring to him and be ready to carry out any specific tasks the president may ask him to perform.

The president is required by law to bring to the trustees many matters on which their approval is routine. The absurdity of their passing on the merits of a Sanskrit professor is plain; it is equally

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absurd to think that they can make a thorough, or even a superficial, study of the budget. Once a year the budget is solemnly presented to the trustees in a summarized form. Their eyes travel over the figures and schedules that have been prepared by dozens of people during the past months, all of them experts in their subjects. The merits of scores of items, from the new claims of the Law School to the amount to be spent on floor wax, have been weighed and debated. Why should a trustee question the judgment of the informed men who have arrived at the decisions represented by these figures before him? His eye lingers longest on the projected deficit, that hardy perennial, but he has learned that it is not so alarming as it appears to be, for three reasons: first, the congenital pessimism of treasurers that makes them take a gloomy view of the future; second, the reserve funds that have been prudently stored away for seasons of drought; and, third, the manna that mercifully falls upon the university the year around. The veteran trustee turns the pages of the budget silently and murmurs "Aye" when the question of its adoption is finally reached: he has "put on the napless vestment of humility."

For some trustees this self-abnegation is as difficult as it was for Coriolanus. It is easier for those who are members of a learned profession, since they have had the first-hand experience of a graduate school and understand the difference between a college and a university. Furthermore, if they have known teachers as fellow-professionals, the awe and resentment of teachers that non-professionals tend to carry into adult life and that make them uneasy in the presence of teachers will be lessened: trustees who are members of learned professions are cousins of the scholars on the opposite side of the academic world.

To be as useful as he can be, the trustee must be helped by the president, who is the main bridge between the two sides of the academic world: its professionals, the faculty; and its laity, the trustees and graduates. Although the university cannot be fully known by anyone who does not live in it, it is not so large nor the trustee so busy that he cannot become an expert upon one important aspect of it. His experience and predilections will suggest to the president and himself which aspect of the univer-

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sity this shall be. For one, it may be "the portfolio"; for another, the medical school; for a third, the art gallery. If the trustee's energies are focused in this way, he will lose his sense of frustration and impotence and become an informed ally. The presidents who treat their trustees as friends and not as potential enemies are not the presidents who are worn out by them. The model trustee will, of course, not meddle in the conduct of "his" segment of the university; whatever he does will be done "through channels," through the president, as he would wish a trustee to do if he were himself the president, but he will probably be able to give excellent advice about his segment. Being a model trustee, he will not become so concerned with it that he loses sight of his larger obligation to the entire university. In short, our model—this not impossible trustee—works for the good of the whole in sympathy with the rules of American academic societies.

To study his segment of the university may be an easier and pleasanter task for the trustee than to learn these rules. They have been made for the most part by the scholars who are now a guild that presents a united front on questions it considers to be of primary concern to its profession, however much it may differ within itself on scholarly matters. When the new trustee is catapulted into academic society no one tells him the rules that govern it. His plight is almost as bad as it would be if he were sent into a cricket match knowing nothing of the game except that tea is served in the middle of it. If the trustee is fortunate he will discover five of the rules that will be of particular help to him:

Rule One is that the scholar is a citizen of the Republic with the same rights as other citizens.

Rule Two is that the trustee must not think of the scholar as an employee.

Rule Three is that once a scholar is wrapped about in the magic mantle of "tenure," he is invulnerable to attack unless it is proved that he is immoral, incompetent or a traitor.

Rule Four is that the scholars recommend the appointment of new colleagues to the president; if he approves them, the

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trustees should appoint the candidates unless they have proof that the candidates are immoral, incompetent or working for the overthrow of our government.

Rule Five is that scholars teach what they please in their own way, but that they should not use their classrooms to indoctrinate students with pet "ism's," their own or those of the trustee.

There are many other rules for the faculty and president, but these five are perhaps the most important ones for the trustee to learn, because they are the rules that he will have to explain most frequently when performing his function of liaison between the scholars and the graduates. If he is to be a successful liaison officer, it is essential that he rid his mind of lingering doubts about the honesty and decency of the American scholar. To be a convincing liaison officer he must get himself to the point where he believes in the right of scholars to hold views that he may hate. To be an enthusiastic liaison officer he must have the co-operation of the faculty. They can reassure him by being as mindful of their obligations to the university as they are of the university's obligations to them. They should realize that they wear the label of their institution, and that they should be careful not to allow their personal prejudices and activities to embarrass it. There will always be a few who flout this principle, and it is part of the trustee's education to recognize that he must not attempt to punish them for their inconsiderateness, but leave them to their long-suffering colleagues who have their time-honored methods of dealing with them.

The trustee will perhaps be helped in his understanding of his duties by going back to the Oration that Emerson delivered on this occasion 115 years ago. There he will find the celebrated definition of the scholar as "the delegated intellect" of mankind, whose spiritual welfare is essential to the health of society. He will also find described certain characteristics of the American scholar that disturbed Emerson, and, if he knows anything at all of modern American scholarship, he will know that these characteristics have been modified. For one thing, our scholars are no

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longer "fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests," as Emerson accused them of being; they have, along with the rest of the country, come of age. Thanks to the exertions and generosity of other Americans, they have been given in our libraries, museums and laboratories the tools that they must have to maintain that independence. The trustee will readily believe that the American scholar of 1952 is a better technician than was his great-grandfather, but he may dare to ask: Is his mind as richly stocked? Is the scholar "an university of knowledge," as Emerson said he should be? In rejecting the labors and enchantments of a classical education, has he found a more invigorating substitute? If the trustee happens to have a literary turn of mind, he will believe that the American scholar of today falls short of his 1837 ancestor in one essential particular, his use of our difficult and beautiful language. In the American scholar may still "slumber the whole of reason," but many of his number speak and write a jargon that is incomprehensible, misleading and graceless. Yet our model trustee will realize that it is not for him to suggest to scholars how they shall write, any more than how they shall vote. Nor should he try to do anything about the other enemies of thought that beset the scholar today: the narrowness of inquiry, for example, that buries itself deeper and deeper in a tiny pocket in the mine of learning. The philologist who knows no history, the historian who knows no science, the scientist who knows no poetry—such men do small credit to their profession; but their shortcomings, the trustee learns, must be corrected by the scholars themselves.

But of course the greatest good that the trustees can do is to exercise the function named in the charter I read a few minutes ago, the "full and compleat Right . . . to improve and encourage." This is a right that many trustees ignore because encouragement can be expensive, and expense is just what they believe must be avoided. Far from exercising this unquestioned right of encouragement, many trustees instead exercise their right to discourage. But the trustee who feels that he has done his "compleat" duty when he has said "No!" is not the man we have been talking about. On the contrary, our trustee gives all possible encouragement to the president to raise the standards of the uni-

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versity ever higher and higher. He contends that the university cannot afford to be anything but first-class in whatever it does, and that he and his colleagues should resist the timid and the second-rate, the tired compromise, with the scorn of fanatics. As the nominal custodians of universities, trustees should do everything in their power to press for an impossible perfection, because nothing less than perfection is worth struggling for. That is the goal in this fabulous country where anything can happen, with all its skepticism and idealism, ruthlessness, generosity, shrewdness and naiveté. In our society, education has a venerated place. All Americans believe in it as much as they believe in anything; even our demagogues make sacrifices to get it. The trustees are, somehow, the lords of this mystery; and theirs, it is believed, is the ultimate responsibility for it.

To be healthy, a university must be in ferment; it will never be just one big happy family. Still, the longer a trustee's experience, the stronger, I think, grows his awareness of the university's essential unity and the dependence, one with another, of its disparate elements. All concerned in the conduct of its affairs may say, "Consider that I labored not for myself only, but for all them that seek learning." And this can be said not only of the university that one serves, but of those other universities with which it is linked in spirit. Certainly, no trustee of Yale can stand in this place without a sense of fraternity with Harvard. For 250 years we have jointly upheld the same cause in friendly rivalry and mutual esteem. Our common aim is to teach the best, chosen from the many, and to give to their teachers all possible aid in the pursuit of their calling. Harvard and Yale today are not cloistered seminaries whispering from their towers the last enchantments of the Middle Ages; they are fortresses of the civilization that is under attack at home as well as abroad. Majestically they stand in the strength of their years and service, honored wherever learning is honored, and served with devotion by their presidents, scholars, graduates and trustees.

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The White-Throated Sparrow

ELIZABETH CHESLEY

On the topmost twig of the poplar tree
free in the clear cold air, sits he,
and he sings to the morning. What does he see
from his swaying throne on the tip of the tree?
Below him lies the rime-stiff grass
and the silent wood in its sheath of ice.
Yet he came again and he sings once more
from his throne in the knife-cold winter air
and his song is a fall of jewels strung
on the thin pale gold of the winter sun.
And, a garnet spray on each silver limb,
the buds of the maple sing with him,
warm from the heart of each jeweled bud,
the answering song of the summer wood.

✪The poetry of ELIZABETH CHESLEY has appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly, The Beloit Poetry Journal* and *Canadian Poetry Magazine*. This poem is a selection from *The House of the Sun,* a cycle of twelve seasonal poems.

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Values in Context

DAVID RIESMAN

LYMAN BRYSON, examining a few weeks ago the papers submitted for the annual Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion, observed that only four out of forty-five dealt with values in any concrete and empirical way; the rest were hortatory, many of them assuming that the academicians there assembled understood each other and needed only some formula of belief to impose values on a world that had presumably lost them. Reading a number of these same papers, I also was struck by the frequent assumption that values in general, not merely some values or the speakers' values, had gotten lost or dissipated; moreover, that without consensus on values, our democratic society would not hold together. I see no convincing evidence for either of these assumptions. It seems plain to me that men cannot live without values, without preferences and choices, without the vocabulary of motives that we partly learn and partly teach ourselves. Those who bewail the loss of values seem disingenuously to bewail the loss—that is, the replacement—of their own values; and in many cases I believe this applies quite literally: for many of the men whom I find to be most hysterical about the loss of values appear to me to lack confidence in their own ongoing processes of valuation; they do not enjoy making choices, and their effort to escape from freedom is writ larger than life in their overly subjective appraisal of the society as a whole.

Something of this sort, I think, must lie behind the second assumption also, namely, that agreement on fundamental values is essential for democratic functioning. The attempt to enforce such agreement seems to me a good way to bring on civil war;

✪ DAVID RIESMAN, lawyer, educator and social scientist, is the author of *The Lonely Crowd,* a study of the American character, and *Faces in the Crowd.* This article was first presented on October 4, 1952, as an address at the Mount Holyoke Conference on Science and Human Values.

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and it is important to study those institutions in our society which allow society to function precisely in the face of profound disagreements on fundamentals. One of these institutions, I suggest, is the city bosses and their machines: these act as brokers among competing urban values, based as they are on religious, ethnic, regional, occupational and other identifications. These bosses can trade a park in a middle-class section for a symbolically important Italian judgeship, and otherwise keep a tolerable peace by appropriate pay-offs from the spoils of American productivity. The current attempt to unify the country against municipal patronage and bossism seems to me dangerous, because by enforcing an ideological unity on politics we threaten with extinction a few men, soaked in gravy we can well spare, who protect our ideological pluralism.

To be sure, there is a fundamental value underlying my own view, which is that men should not be forced by the needs of society to give more than conditional co-operation to specific, short-term goals. Thus, I think we can ask people to be vaccinated, but not to believe in its efficacy, or in science, or in long life. And on the whole I prefer that we win people's co-operation by offering concrete advantages—including such personal growth as they may gain from the co-operation itself—without asking them what their fundamental values are. (Incidentally, the Communists in our midst have made this program difficult, not only because their fellow-workers in the usual front organizations naively assume that since the Communists share the work they also share the liberal and humane values alleged to be involved in the joint enterprise, but even more because the country at large assumes that it is always the fellow-workers and never the Communists who are the dupes: the fact often is that the Communists are gulled into doing the work on the improvident speculation that they will win converts or make some other gain.) To put the matter another way, I believe it a fallacy to assume that people can co-operate only if they understand each other (this is the illusion of many semanticists), or if they like each other, or if they share certain preconceptions. The glory of modern large-scale democratically-tending

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society is that it has developed the social inventions—such as the market, the practices and skills of negotiation, and the many other devices which allow us to put forward in a given situation only part of ourselves—which allow us to get along and, usually, not to kill each other while retaining the privilege of private conscience and of veto over many requests made of us by our fellow men. No doubt, for this to occur there has to be some *procedural* consensus, some shared values of a very general sort like due process, and among sufficient people in strategic locations, some less-than-fanatical attitude toward compromise and even corruption. But this is far from saying that we would be better off if we could go forward by going back to some partly mythical state of value-agreement based on choicelessness.

The psychoanalytic psychologist can come at this same problem in another way. His clinical work makes him aware that in an individual values are contextual, with each value-element having a very different loading depending on the *Gestalt,* on the whole. It did not, of course, take Freud to teach us that, for instance, the morally indignant person is often a sadist whose own impulses were his first victims. But the analytic method does allow us to delineate such observations in more detail and in more complexity. Let me take as an illustration the virtue of sincerity, which is becoming a salient and unquestioned value, so far as I can see, among a whole generation of young people. One gifted boy of fifteen, whose interview I have analyzed in detail elsewhere, stated that his best trait was sincerity, and proved the point by a gallant effort to be totally frank with the interviewer. It did not occur to him that such sincerity puts pressure on others in a social situation to be equally sincere: it is coercive, and tends to break down etiquettes which we use to protect our emotional life from strangers, from over-inquisitive relatives and friends, and at times from ourselves. Nor did it occur to him that his very frankness concealed some of its driving motives, not only this coercive one but also another equally coercive insistence that he be regarded and valued for his truth-telling. He tells us everything about himself

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without reserve—everything but what he doesn't know, namely, that he wants the credit, or at least some response, for this very frankness.

In this connection, it is interesting to note the study of values made in Vienna some years ago by Else Frenkel-Brunswik. She asked people what values they thought they possessed and then asked their associates to rank them on the same values. And she discovered, for example, that people who said they were sincere were not thought to be so by their friends; rather, those who said "I try to be sincere but I am often insincere," were regarded by others as sincere. Such observations confirm my feeling of wanting to be particularly cautious when meeting someone who says, "I am going to be frank with you."

But of course it would be going much too far to say that the contemporary cult of sincerity is simply negative, a regression from the superior age of manners. The *opportunity* to be sincere, particularly between men and women, is a tremendous achievement over the past; the *opportunity* to convert a stranger into a friend in a Pullman car or academic convention is an American blessing; the growth, through the practice of sincerity, of the One Big Union, the union of sinners, has lifted intolerable burdens of moral underprivilege from the isolated and the inarticulate. Moreover, as a big rich country, lifted above the needs of peasant guile and tenement-house suspiciousness, millions of us can afford sincerity, just as in many parts of the country we can afford to leave our cars unlocked and would in any case suffer—unlike the Italian victims of *The Bicycle Thief*—only moderate discomfort from an instance of misplaced confidence.

My point rather is to show how a trait like sincerity must be studied in the life-plan of given individuals and of society as a whole before we conclude that it is a value we want to encourage or discourage. My own guess is that sincerity is today so much taken for granted as an unequivocal blessing that it becomes important, as it never was at an earlier historical point, to discover some of its ethical ambiguities and limitations. To do so may help curb the tyranny of the self-styled sincere over the rest of us.

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I want to turn now from the problem of appraising the values of an individual or of an age to the analogous problem of evaluating the ethical positions of the great thinkers of the past and present. For here, too, I believe a contextual analysis is necessary if we as intellectuals are to live in some productive tension with our times and not merely to ride the waves of the past or of the future. Let me begin by taking as an illustration the great controversy opened up by the debate between Condorcet and Godwin on one side and Malthus on the other. The former, trusting to the increasing ability of science to make nature produce, believed that an age of abundance was dawning on mankind, and that the march of history was a march of progress toward human perfectibility. Malthus lacked trust. He was more impressed with the ability of fecund, improvident men and women to produce children than with the possibilities of technological advance. The only way he could see out of nature's trap was an ascetic "moral restraint," and sociological invention, and for this way he had scant hopes. Moreover, he was perhaps the first economist to foresee that depressions might be permanent. For him there was no question about perfectibility: man had his choice between late and frugal marriage, coupled with intensive work, and the various miseries from war to pestilence by which in the past the adult population was periodically aborted. His book on population was written as a reply to Godwin, Condorcet and the other utopians of his day.

Now it seems to me, though I may well be mistaken, that Godwin and Condorcet, though in their personal lives badly treated, were to a considerable extent in line with late eighteenth-century ideas: they might be vilified, but they did not stand alone. By contrast, Malthus, whose personal fortunes were much more secure, was heretical; and, indeed, his views on depressions remained so for many years. Trying to look at these thinkers in terms of their own day, I respect and admire both sides, and do not feel called upon to take a stand with one and against the other: each made a decisive and stimulating contribution to our understanding. However, when the argument shifts to our own day, my attitude shifts to some extent also. Moving in circles where Malthus is

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greatly esteemed, and Condorcet and Godwin, if regarded at all, sneered at as childish Enlightenment utopians possessed with *hubris,* my tendency in teaching and writing is, without derogating Malthus, to emphasize the courage which Condorcet and Godwin also had, and the importance today of faith that nature, including human nature, is not a trap, though we can make it one. On the other hand, where complacency still rules, there one would want to stress Malthus, and some of the neo-Malthusians are probably quite useful in this direction. But where, as in so many intellectual circles, there prevails an anti-Enlightenment temper which prides itself on its realism, its refusal to share any dreams of man's potentially fine future, there a reappraisal of Godwin and Condorcet is desirable—taking account, however, of all that Malthus and his followers have taught us.

I must now confess—in an effort to communicate and to be relevant more than to be sincere—that what I have to say here has been guided in some part by a similar feeling for context. When I received this invitation, I assumed—perhaps unfairly—that the balance of opinion and assumption here would turn out not to be too radically different from the one that Lyman Bryson reported on for the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion; and I also assumed that I had myself been asked because the planners were themselves pluralists, at least to start with. So I felt it incumbent on me to stress that side of my thought which is skeptical about absolutes and, in a day when very few admit to be relativists, to illustrate some of the possible advantages of a relative approach to values. By the same token, I would have done somewhat differently had I been asked to talk on scientific method before the American Psychological or Sociological Societies; there, confronted with many who still believe in a value-free social science and a deceptively neutral operationalism, I might have stressed not only the importance of the study of values, but also the inescapable and creative role of values in the scientific process itself.

When I conduct myself in this way, a host of problems imme-

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diately arises, and in discussing them I may be able to clarify somewhat our elusive topic. In the first place, I may be mistaken about my audience: I may be hardening their prejudices when I am seeking to liberate them. I try to cope with this by insisting, when I discuss such matters, that there be an extended question period, or its sublimation in a panel like ours here; the question period may help correct my misapprehensions about the audience and simultaneously their misapprehensions about me. But it is not enough to know the audience; one must also know *their* context. They may be so buffeted by their adversaries that they need, at least temporarily, to have their prejudices confirmed rather than shaken. For instance, girl students at some of our liberal universities need occasionally to be told that they are not utterly damned if they discover within themselves anti-Negro or anti-Semitic reactions—else they may expiate their guilt by trying to solve the race question in marriage. But even that judgment has to be made in terms of the wider social context—in this case, a judgment that the lot of Negroes, let alone Jews, in America is not always so utterly desperate as to call for the ruthless sacrifice of protective prejudices. And, as I have indicated, each of these judgments of context, from the audience out in widening circles, may be mistaken.

In the second place, I may be mistaken about my own motives as a speaker. What may on the surface appear to me as my courageous choice of an unorthodox and unpopular position may turn out on closer examination to be a form of exhibitionism. Or I may be more conciliatory than is warranted because I want to be liked. More probably, I may be falling into the all-too-common academic pitfall of finding and clinging to a pet heresy, proud of my intransigence, while failing to realize that it has become, if not a popular orthodoxy, at least the vested heresy of an in-group. I must therefore try to keep up with myself, as I develop, as well as with my audience, and to watch for any symptoms showing that I prefer to shock or startle people rather than to enlighten them. At another level, I cannot help but be aware that a shifting position which takes a stand only against the need

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to take a stand on many exigently argued issues may have terrible moral pitfalls in convenient uncommitment—I say I cannot help this awareness because all my adult life I have been besieged by people who wanted to convert me to their loyalty and thought me cowardly for refusing to join. It has taken me a long time to recognize the possible values, including courage, behind such refusals. But still, this issue too has to be re-examined. To complicate matters further, I know that ambiguity is fashionable today in the literary world, so my plunging into it as a pedagogic device may not be entirely disinterested. Let me hasten to add, however, that I don't think I or anyone else need be faultless before opening his mouth, for the history of thought teaches us how many men were productive for the "wrong" or at least very neurotic motives, and vice versa.

Discussion may help somewhat, as I have said, to clarify an audience for me and me for an audience. Even so, someone is likely to ask me: "Don't you think so-and-so is true, irrespective of time and place? Isn't taking your audience into account a complicated form of lying?" A somewhat more subtle questioner may ask: "Don't you place yourself above your audience, and even above the ideas you deal with, by making yourself into a governor or thermostat for the society, trying to prevent its going to extremes? Can't 'extremes' be right? And doesn't this conduct make you, after all, a servo-mechanism, dependent for your own motion on that in the larger society?" All I can do now is to begin an answer to some of these questions—to deal with all of them would mean to discuss the function of intellectuals in our society; the possibilities of democratizing that function so that any number can play; and indeed a discussion of the play itself, of the play of the mind, of what Veblen termed "idle curiosity." But I can say right off what is perhaps already clear, that I do not take a relativist position on *all* issues—that would be another absolutism—but only on some. Santayana said of James that he didn't think any questions were ever settled, whereas for me some questions are settled, some positions are indefensible. I cannot, for instance, agree that Plato, or anyone else, makes a tenable argument, in any

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context I can conceive of, for banishing poets. And while I can see that sadism when incorporated into certain personality types can be socially useful, for example if sublimated into a surgeon's work, I react negatively to the trait even in ameliorative contexts, and violently against it in destructive ones. In fact, destructiveness in its grosser and its subtler forms—when, for example, I see students' confidence that they can learn something being undermined by teachers or classmates or parents—so arouses my combativeness that, like Karl Popper in his book *The Open Society and Its Enemies,* I tend to become a fanatic crusading against fanaticism. The very position I have described to you here is taken partly because I want no possibly liberating voice in the thinkers of the past to be wholly lost by destruction of the psychological roots in us enabling us to sympathize with it.

Thus, there are issues on which I am a relativist and issues on which I am in doubt as to what I am, or should be. Such moral experimentalism, while it has the perils I have already outlined and others I know not of, is essential if we are to meet life flexibly, listening to the ancestor within and the friend without, but not bound to obey either.

Let me add that I don't posit this as some sort of middle way: what *is* the middle is a contextual problem in itself, and extremes may be right. Nor would I quite define my role as that of a thermostat or other simple feed-back mechanism. For I define the context as including not only what is "really" there, as your self-styled realist would see it, but as including what is potentially there, given what my intervention may evoke in others and theirs in me. To find out this potential, one has to take risks, and one may be disappointed; but the only alternative is to condemn society to an endless regress in which each thermostat is reacting to each other thermostat or to a Generalized Thermostat of some sort.

To put this another way: I believe that the processes of communication are inherently ambiguous, since we understand other people's symbols in terms of our own character and the experience it has let us have. Therefore even those people who are sure they

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know what the truth is may not succeed in communicating it, but something quite the opposite, as the history of every reform movement testifies. Perhaps in America communication is especially ambiguous, for reasons already partly indicated. I think, for instance, that the wild exaggeration and tall tales so characteristic of American humor may reflect, among other things, the speaker's fear that unless his stretching of the truth is highly visible, he may run the risk of being believed. On the whole, to our loss, we have had few gentle satirists, and the *New Yorker*'s development of some gentle cartoonists may signify the beginnings of a common culture among its readers.

Some will take this complexity of communication to American audiences as further evidence that we should seek lowered ambiguity through value-uniformity. But is it not better, while admitting that there are losses involved, to take heightened ambiguity as an indication of the great variety of experience available to Americans in the face of all standardizing tendencies? At any rate, I prefer to come to grips with this ambiguity directly, as the psychoanalyst uses his patient's resistance as a very central part ot his cure, and to seek to develop values in the very process of discussing them. For I think we do well to take advantage of the fact that we live, as Albert Camus puts it, in *la civilisation du dialogue,* whence arises the problem of sincerity, and also the need upon occasion to interiorize and perhaps even to transcend the dialogue, in such recesses of privacy as we can make for ourselves, even at some cost in sincerity.

To return now to the beginning: I suggest that the anxiety manifested by so many intellectuals about values, especially other people's values, may be on the point of being overdone. Having watched what happened when the experimentalist progressive education of John Dewey, via the patronage networks of various teachers' colleges, was installed in many ill-equipped schoolhouses throughout the country, I am not attracted by the picture of a crusade to implant self-consciousness about values in all the pious and platitudinous teachers of America: I would rather have

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them teach languages and algebra and biochemistry. Movements of thought, it seems to me, do not so much reflect the society in which they arise as take account of what that society appears to have left out of account—to emphasize individualism when mercantilism reigned, or groupism when laissez faire did. But as society becomes more highly differentiated, and as the audiences among whom intellectuals talk become more stratified, it becomes more and more difficult to know whether, let us say, a preoccupation with values is at fruitful odds with the times or a cruel addition to its excesses. In this, as in other cases, it may begin as the one and end as the other. I think that ways of observing our society with some detachment, such as literature and social science, offer us the chance to understand these dialectical relationships better than we now do, and to safeguard our judgment as to what intellectual tasks need doing; some tasks, of course, are hardy perennials. And then when we communicate what we have observed back to these audiences, we will find that the same pluralism which exists in the society exists in many of its individuals, and that we are talking to one part of a person and against another. For such a situation, I like the motto of William Blake: "When I tell any Truth," he wrote, "it is not for the sake of Convincing those who do not know it, but for the sake of defending those that do."

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Cézanne Today

MAURICE STERNE

TO BE MISUNDERSTOOD and ridiculed was the common lot of the masters of the nineteenth-century French Renaissance, but only Cézanne aroused hatred. He became the symbol of everything that was anathema to his contemporaries, the target of bitter recrimination. The public, the critics, even his fellow-artists joined in unanimous attack. But it is significant that hardly a single voice questioned his honesty and his sincerity.

Now, almost half a century since his death, a mighty chorus of adulation has replaced the one of condemnation. One encountered only gushing enthusiasm over his recent exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum. Cézanne was the chief topic at cocktail, dinner, luncheon parties—the invisible guest of honor. Posters in busses urged one to attend the show; a heroine of a radio murder mystery possessed ruby-red lips and Cézanne-blue eyes!

To one of my generation, who had to learn by the slow, painful process, since there were no teachers to teach us, this sensational success was truly amazing. Evidently the present generation has been taught a far easier way to appreciate the master. Still, I wonder whether the direct approach is not preferable to the new streamlined, often erroneous versions of interpreters.

The spectacular success of the Van Gogh exhibition in these galleries about two years ago did not surprise me. His appeal is direct. His dramatic life, his poverty, his heartbreaking struggle for recognition, his madness and tragic death had been widely publicized and aroused morbid curiosity. And he is more in har-

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mony with our time, our jitterbug civilization that demands a violent kick from a work of art, or a slushy antidote for its shock.

Painting, unless executed in frenzy, has become boring. Anyone can behold a bush on a lawn. To see it burst into flickering, crackling flames at the touch of a magic brush like Van Gogh's is a sight not beheld since Genesis. Its sinister yellow, orange, green-blue, violet hues and sulphurous odor suggest a volcano in eruption. But how Cézanne, whose art is so difficult to fathom, could meet with such spontaneous appreciation, I could not understand. I began to doubt the genuineness of the response.

I first heard of Cézanne in 1904 when I arrived in Paris. I must not fail, I was told, to see the Salon d'Automne, where Puvis de Chavannes, the most successful and famous painter of his era, was honored with a one-man show. Another gallery was devoted to a comparatively obscure painter called Paul Cézanne. This was unfortunate. The outcry against Cézanne dimmed the rather feeble lustre of Puvis; and the critics in their violent denunciation of the master of Aix found little space for exultation over the immaculate art of the master of those lovely murals at the Pantheon.

Go and see Puvis; you will learn something, I was told. And don't forget to look at Cézanne—you will have a good laugh. I visited both many times. I did not learn anything from Puvis and I did not laugh at Cézanne. I was too horrified and upset for laughter. But I noticed something strange. The more I saw of Cézanne, the more Puvis shrank in stature. Yet Cézanne still remained a mystery I could not fathom.

Intrigued and perplexed, I wondered who this painter was who could disturb me so deeply. A second-rate Impressionist, I was told, who was welcomed to their exclusive group not because of affinity with their theories but because he was a fellow-rebel against entrenched official academism. Others informed me that he was a paranoiac with delusions of grandeur, a hopeless amateur with no talent and little training. But there were a few so-called eccentrics who claimed that he was the new beacon on the horizon and had already become a chef d'école.

This first encounter took place in Paris almost fifty years ago. The century was still in swaddling clothes, and I was struggling

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with poverty, a stubborn coal stove and smoky kerosene lamp. But by far the most strenuous struggle was against preconceived, deeply rooted traditional art standards, that so often interfere with an open mind and heart in our approach to the art of others, especially when it happens to be radically different from our own.

Cézanne was the Gordian knot I felt I must untie because his art attracted and repelled me. I was not equipped with a keen-edged sword and could not, like Alexander, cut it. Patiently I proceeded to untie the knot, and it took me many years before I more or less succeeded. This became obvious when I discovered that Cézanne, unlike his contemporaries, did not possess a master key that could open all locks. Each painting was a new problem and required an individual solution.

My second round with the master took place at Vollard's little shop on the Rue Lafitte. My friend Leo Stein, who was interested in my art education, introduced me to Vollard, who was very obliging and showed us half a dozen canvases, two of which I liked: a very early portrait and a landscape with nudes. I had recently come from Italy, where during a stay at Florence I first perceived the importance of the tactile sense in visual art. These two canvases by Cézanne seemed to possess it in a higher degree than anything else I had seen in contemporary painting. Manet, Renoir and Degas were certainly not devoid of it, but did not have it in such intensity. Those figures, hurled against the background with utter disregard for surrounding space, were alive in spite of the listless, airless world around them because of the intensity of his tactile perception. But I was still blind to his later, far greater period, from which Vollard had a large number of paintings.

My third encounter took place at the 1905 Salon d'Automne, where again a room was devoted to Cézanne. I visited that show many times but made no progress. Late one afternoon I found two elderly men intently studying the paintings. One, who looked like an ascetic Burmese monk with thick spectacles, was pointing out passages to his companion, murmuring "magnificent, excellent." His eyes seemed very poor, and he was very close to the paintings. I wondered who he could be—probably some poor painter, to judge by his rather shabby old cape.

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Suddenly a pompous, portly personage appeared on the threshold. His gray Van Dyke beard, his well fitting clothes, the wide black ribbon from which hung a gold pince-nez, his red button of the Legion of Honor—these proclaimed him a successful artist. He paused at the door, fussed with his beard, put on his pince-nez and rushed from one painting to another. He was in a state of extreme indignation. Suddenly losing all self-control, in a shrill voice he shouted, "I protest against such *cochonnerie* being shown to the public. I protest against such vile daubs that idiots call art. I protest, I protest!" His face was so purple that I feared the poor man would have a stroke. The two visitors turned sharply and faced him. "You, Monsieur Degas!" he gasped. "What the devil are you doing here?" Without a word, Degas (the man with the thick spectacles) and his companion hurriedly left.

I was shocked and astonished when I learned that the man in the cape was Degas—that the painter I held in the highest esteem was an admirer of what appeared to me to be uncouth daubs. Suddenly this dramatic scene appeared comical, and I burst into laughter. The aesthetic protestant looked at me ferociously and hastened out. He must have misunderstood. How could he know that I laughed at myself, for I was indeed in a quandary.

I learned the identity of the apoplectic gentleman. He was a well-known painter, a perfect specimen of the conquering hero who marches on from success to success to ultimate failure, so different from the master he attacked, who marched from failure to failure to ultimate triumph. This man was a synthesist who adopted the essential rudiments of his betters and by dilution made them palatable to a cultured, well-mannered public. I was familiar with his work; it was neither good nor bad. Technically, it was immaculate. But if there is one thing that is worse than bad art, it is bad art well done. He belonged to that small group called "progressive." They are productive but not creative, full of ambition for glory, material success and greed for power. When these are gratified, when the gold medal has been won at the Spring Salon and the coveted red ribbon of the Legion of Honor gleams in the lapel, they rest on their laurels. Poised safely in the center, they swiftly sway from left to right and from right to left

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within a tiny prescribed area, like a pendulum, without creative direction. They produce respectable, well-mannered "art"—lively but not really alive. They cater to a fairly large cultured public, are prize winners, chairmen of juries and arbiters of the fate of their betters. The extreme right and the extreme left at least follow directions—backward or forward—but the center is automatic and lifeless.

Those words of Degas—his "magnificent, excellent"—cut deep. When I mentioned this episode to a friend, a young painter who had won the Prix de Rome, he shrugged his shoulders. His only comment was "Chacun à son goût."

What right has a painter to have taste! Only a layman can indulge in this dubious luxury. The painter must have judgment and perception in his approach to the art of others. That dramatic scene in the Cézanne room was indeed a crisis in my life. The painter I respected most turned out to be an admirer of the painter I disliked—and the painter I respected least agreed with me! This was not only puzzling, it was humiliating!

The next day I decided to look at the rest of the exhibition, but did not find much of interest. I was soon back in the Cézanne room. It was late. I consulted my watch and found that it had stopped. I opened the lid, examined the works, gave it a sharp tap—and it became alive. The mechanism which in a static state was purely decorative suddenly turned into a functioning organism. And when I looked at the paintings on the wall I realized that I really had not seen them. Like my watch, they too now took on life. Those houses and trees, roads, hills, and Mount St. Victoire in the distance played relative parts in the drama, like any functioning mechanism or living organism. In mathematics the sum is equal to all its parts; in aesthetics the sum is always one. If it is less than one or more than one, the problem has not been solved. Looking at these pictures, I felt that if any single part were different, no matter how right in itself, it would be wrong; for then the aesthetic mechanism would cease to function.

There is a similitude between the biological, the mechanical and the aesthetic. It consists of parts that must "work" in unison, and the importance of each part is in its performance of a definite

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function. This collaboration is disrupted when some artery or pivot or color breaks down and declares its independence. Then our attention is diverted from the general to the particular; then the body or the machine or the painting has ceased to be a completely integrated organism.

The violent blows delivered me by Degas and my Ingersoll watch helped to lift the curtain that had obstructed the view of a heretofore undiscovered aspect of art and of nature. Until then I had been a conscious critic and unconscious devotee (quite a common ailment). Is there some universal truth in all genuine art that exerts a subtle appeal to our instinct in spite of our "better" judgment?

There has been too much emphasis on Cézanne's emotionalism and his abstraction. *What* aroused his emotion, *why* his art is abstract, has hardly been given serious consideration. Cézanne was a realist who observed reality not only with his eyes, but with his body and soul too: a realist who penetrated within his motif. How could a public (this includes both the artist and the critic) brought up on the superficial notion that realism consists of the depiction of obvious appearances be expected to possess the inner eye to see at a glance an image it took the artist sometimes many weeks to project, and the outer eye a lifetime to evolve?

To Cézanne the appearance was not a point of arrival; it was a point of departure, a journey not away from the motif, likely to turn into a joy-ride by oneself (so freely indulged in at present), but a journey of exploration into the hidden secrets that reality may hold. In common with the pure scientists, the pure artists attempt to bring into the light what is still hidden in darkness. Because they embody truth, they strive for affirmation with the creative forces of which they are microcosms. When they succeed in projecting an aural or visual pattern suggestive of the energy and rhythm of these causes that gave them form, they are quite rightly proclaimed "genius."

Cézanne was a realist; he was also a mystic who could identify himself with reality. Unlike the religious mystic who identifies reality with himself, his identification is not abstract but corporeal. Cézanne *became* the plate of apples or the landscape, or whatever

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he happened to be painting. This is the main reason he had to have his motif constantly before him. It took him some time to penetrate his subjects in depth, and even longer to break through the shell of his ego—a Herculean task when the person happens to be a profound individual. If, in spite of his intentions, the patterns were not entirely free from the taint of individualism, it was not his fault. His main objective was to create an image as closely as possible in accordance with his visual experience. The emotions which the motif evoked were incidental. His only interest was in the *noun;* his only purpose, to present it in all its significance. His emotions were *adjectives* of little interest to him. His paintings are not epigrams or lyric poems: they are epics moving in austere blank verse. His art suggests a tree with roots moving downward in the earth, the trunk reaching skyward and the limbs branching out in every direction.

And this is not supposed to be realism, according to the aesthetes! Is it because they have cut the umbilical cord that throughout the ages has held art to nature? Reared on synthetic concoctions called "aesthetics," served from precious containers, they are bound to be contemptuous of the old-fashioned method of nursing, so dear to the realistic painter who finds the taste of the milk and the breasts of Mother Nature far more attractive and nourishing.

Of course Cézanne is bound to appear abstract to the layman who only looks at, seldom sees and never has insight into reality. If he could develop as much insight into nature as he exercises in his perception of art, he might discover why all artists, the best and the worst, have always worshipped nature, derived their inspiration from it, been too intent upon its transmutation to bother with the nature of its interpretation. They are discoverers, not inventors; creators, not producers; nature worshippers, not self-idolators.

"Yet all that is I see," said the queen to Hamlet when her son beheld his father's ghost; but Hamlet saw, heard and spoke to him. To Hamlet, no less than to Shakespeare, the ghost was real. If the queen mother and critics cannot see visions, it is not the visions' fault.

Of course Cézanne was emotional. But his ecstasy was always

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contingent upon the degree of his reaction to a visual experience. This reaction, in spite of his keen penetration within his subject, did not interfere with his sensitive response to nature's changes of expression.

The contribution made by the Impressionists is of lesser importance in their individual works than in its influence on their more gifted contemporaries. Had Cézanne not been cognizant of their refreshing new vision, he might have continued in the direction indicated in his earliest period, when he indulged in violent chiaroscuro and projected form in airless space. The Impressionists brought the outdoors, fresh air and sunlight, into his studio gloom. Out the window went his old palette with its somber blacks and acid greens; a new palette with radiant chromatic hues took its place, like a rainbow after a storm. His traditional rendition of form by means of chiaroscuro was discarded, and a new art of modeling form in space by color emerged. Cézanne took full advantage of their precious gift and was ever conscious of the debt he owed them. Endowed with a tactile sense unsurpassed by the greatest masters of the past, Cézanne was not, like Monet, interested solely in nature's momentary expression, in her changing moods, in the transitory, but more in what is basic in substance and character—what is underneath the façade.

It is surprising that one with so keen a sense of plastic form had never visited Italy, where he could have seen the greatest triumphs of tactile perception in the works of Masaccio, Giotto, Piero della Francesca and Michelangelo. Was it because he feared that greater intimacy with these masters might interfere with his newly acquired vision? His art has the body of sculpture, the containment of space of architecture, and the spirit of painting fused in one. The Impressionists gave him a new direction. He broke the ties with the past, but his roots remained firmly planted in the earth. And it is these sturdy roots nourished by the past, no less than the sunlight and oxygen supplied by the Impressionists, that brought such immortal fruit from the tree of intuitive wisdom.

But he was not a solitary giant. We must not forget that Renoir and Degas also had the good fortune to live in this glorious nineteenth-century Renaissance. They too had a tactile sense and had

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been affected by the Impressionists, but their sense of form was of lesser intensity. Renoir was more sensitive to the movement of light; his rhythm is more flowing, Cézanne's staccato. Renoir painted his women like dancing trees, Cézanne like rocks resting on the earth.

A tactile perception of deepest intensity combined with a sensitive reaction to the subtleties of the ever changing aspects of nature is Cézanne's greatest contribution. And it is possible that he esteemed the latter more than the former, because he was born with the first and took it for granted, whereas he had to earn the second. We are likely to attach greater value to what we have acquired than to what we have inherited. He was born with the vision of a sculptor and gradually developed the more abstract visual sensitivity of a painter.

At first, there was conflict between the two. This is apparent in his first period, when his intense reaction to concrete forms found expression in exaggerated presentation of their plastic reality. Figures are projected on the canvas to shift for themselves, with no attempt at co-ordination with the surrounding spaces, independent units in a somber vacuum. He was still the sculptor in the round in paint.

When he realized that the pictorial plane must be free of "holes," that the intervening spaces between concrete objects moving in depth must possess form no less significant than concrete form, his painting took on the character of sculpture in bas-relief. And some of his finest canvases were painted in the second period. Nonetheless, he strove for a more perfect pictorial effect, to render tri-dimensional reality without sacrificing the bi-dimensional character of the pictorial plane. He did not realize how hopeless this was. It can be achieved in black and white when the effect is limited to two contrasting tones without intermediary grays. To render it in color is utterly impossible, because our reaction to color is not positive but relative. Since colors take on their individual character through optical illusion, our reaction is purely spacial. Hence his constant cry, "I cannot realize." No one ever did or ever will realize aesthetically what is contrary to our perception of natural phenomena. But he tried persistently, and in spite

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of his failure, he succeeded far more than he realized; for in his striving for a flat bi-dimensional plane, he shrank the spacial depth to its utmost limitations and obtained architectonic space pictorially far more satisfying than anyone had before him, with the exception of Giotto, whose contraction of the pictorial plane without the sacrifice of concrete form was no less noteworthy.

The prevalent notion that the picture should never transcend its bi-dimensional character, with which the younger generation is obsessed, might be valid in a formless, spaceless universe of spectral silhouettes. But how anyone with the tactile sense of a Cézanne, who often pointed out that all forms can be reduced to the cone, the cylinder and the cube, to whom even the intervening spaces between concrete forms were transcribed into complementary formal values, should constantly strive for it, is incomprehensible. And yet we should be thankful that he did. It is not only what the creative artist succeeds in expressing but what he perceives beyond his horizon, what he cannot materialize in visual images, what his creative antennae can *almost* touch, that is of equal importance.

As he grew older, he shrank more and more from human contact; his motifs replaced human relationships. They became his constant companions, always together, either whispering secrets or fighting ferociously. Sooner or later he would reach the boundaries of human perception. Convinced that his motif had betrayed him, that it had kept some inner truth from him, he abandoned it in disgust and, in a fit of desperate frustration, cried, "I cannot realize." He would often leave a particular painting behind to rot in the field.

All this became clear to me only when I had suddenly seen his paintings as a whole, free from the deficiencies one is bound to find in new forms when one's approach has been too much influenced by the old. As long as our reaction to so-called revolutionary art is dominated by taste cultivated by tradition, we are bound to be shocked by the new, and its positive values appear negative.

What are the "defects" I found so objectionable at first? They were both "aesthetic" and what is called "spiritual." Spiritually I resented his superficial rendition of character. After all, human

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physiognomy is not a rock or an apple; man is supposed to have a soul, as was shown by the great masters of the Renaissance and by Rembrandt. Cézanne's portraits as significant interpretation of character are quite unimportant.

But Cézanne was not the only painter of this period whose interpretation of "spiritual" values was very superficial compared with the great masters of the past. These artists were far more interested in what is called "pure aesthetic values." Manet's men and women are rather dull middle-class folk; Renoir's, pretty little things full of charm; Degas' laundresses and dancers, typical bourgeois one sees on Paris streets.

During the nineteenth century in France, there was a shift of interest among progressive artists from the spiritual, or illustrative, to the aesthetic. A keen insight into natural phenomena supplanted the prevalent concentration on psychological content; and the more the artists pursued this new direction, the more the general public, including connoisseurs, critics and the majority of the artists, persisted in evaluating a work of art according to their deeply rooted conviction that above all it must enhance the spirit. Instead of looking for God in man's image, painters found Him in apples and flowers and trees and hills and valleys. If we expect to find in Cézanne what we have learned to appreciate in Rembrandt, we are sure to be disappointed. It would be just as unfair to demand from Rembrandt what only Cézanne has given us.

Unfortunately, the important fact that truly great painters did not have to dematerialize the body in order to enhance the soul was overlooked. Giotto, Masaccio and Michelangelo did not have to sacrifice the body as a burnt offering to the spirit. They revealed that the spirit can and does dwell within the body of man, that the one enhances the other, that the two are inseparable while we are still alive. The astral plane of the soul they wisely left to the future. Nonetheless, when we compare the masterpieces of the Renaissance with even the finest works of later periods, we are impressed with the difference in spiritual content. The old masters reveal far deeper penetration of character. Only supermen could have had so deep a perception of complex human nature. And it was not because their sitters, apart from external trappings, were

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different from our contemporaries. Had László painted Raphael's *Pope Julius II* or Titian's *Pope Paul III,* these pontiffs would look quite different. Had Dürer portrayed the English mid-Victorian aristocracy, he would have revealed depths of character Sargent never dreamed they possessed.

The complex psyche of man that has always been the chief source of interest to the creative artist, though still found in literature, has entirely vanished from the visual arts. In vain we look for visual images of a Hamlet, a Mona Lisa or an Ivan Karamazov on the canvases of the last few centuries. Only in Daumier is there any spiritual affinity with the masters of the past.

There is neither progression nor retrogression in art. Who can say that Michelangelo was "better" or "worse" than Phidias, Cézanne greater than Poussin or Chardin or Delacroix? They are different. Each has his personal message that we might appreciate if we could rid ourselves of preconceived notions as to what is good or bad, better or worse. There is no "bad" painting. When it is "bad" it is not painting.

We should approach the artist from his—not our—point of view. What he has achieved is a direction one can follow. But what he has failed to achieve is nonetheless a direction that should lead to as yet unexplored potentialities. Only the director has a definable beginning and a definite end. The momentum he projects is without the one or the other.

The direction indicated by Cézanne is still awaiting further progression. Undoubtedly his influence on the art of the first half of this century has been remarkable, but on the whole deteriorative rather than constructive. Or is it too "constructive"? That fatal remark of his that all forms can be reduced to the cone, the cylinder and the cube has put too great an emphasis on construction. A couple of gifted adolescents took up the battle cry and invented cubism. Not what Cézanne says with his brush, but what he said with words was readily understood, while the wisdom in his paintings is still a mystery only too often misunderstood and misinterpreted. To quote Goethe: "Every great idea as soon as it appears exerts a tyrannous influence. Hence the advantages that it produces are all too soon transformed into disadvantages."

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That fatal dictum about the geometric basis of form had a sinister effect on the Cubists. A principle, instead of being a means to an end, became an end in itself. Again I quote Goethe: "Hypotheses are scaffoldings which precede the building and which one takes down when the building is finished. They are indispensable to the workman, but he must not mistake the scaffolding for the building."

It would almost seem as if Goethe had foreseen the Cubist movement in which the painter incorporated the scaffolding in the finished building: an attempt to introduce the element of time, the prerogative of aural art, in the visual art that is projected in space. I understand that the two are regarded as having become synonymous. This may be true in the realm of mathematics or metaphysics—but the painter must face concrete reality and comprehend the distinction between them.

By introducing the processes that have led to the final image, the Cubists have proudly shown what they thought about form with utter disregard of what they have felt and perceived. The result is a vulgar exhibition of newly acquired knowledge not unlike that of a parvenu who shows off his unfamiliar riches. No wonder Braque and Picasso soon abandoned this abortive impasse. Only a few, with souls of plumbers, have stuck to it and stuck in it.

That dictum of Cézanne has been familiar as a principle to visual artists for ages. It is most apparent in Egyptian sculpture and Renaissance painting. The Cubists adopted this ancient precept and, under the influence of African sculpture that had just invaded the Latin Quarter, succeeded in inventing a brand new style: cubism, Parisian twentieth-century baroque—the florid, flamboyant curves so characteristic of the earlier style transformed into sharp angles, interrupted planes, over-rationalized analysis, forming a geometric pattern consistent with our technological age. Its main claim to fame is that it initiated the present malady: invented art.

Of course all worth-while artists are not only discoverers; they must also be *inventive,* but never inventors. The inventive faculty is stimulated when the well-known technical means appear inadequate. Then the artist will search for some mode to express his

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personal reaction. Only as a means to an end is it of any importance. When an end in itself, it can be at best mildly amusing, as is manifested in the latest movement called "accidentalism."

What are the aesthetic "defects" that interfere with a more spontaneous appreciation of Cézanne's superb art? First, his style; second, his drawing; third, his distortion; fourth, his lack of finish; fifth, his perspective; sixth, his color; seventh, his chiaroscuro. I will analyze these so-called defects for the benefit of those who are both attracted and repelled but find it difficult to respond fully because of these "shortcomings."

His style, a highly individual hand which is hard to decipher, is the first obstacle. A painting, unlike a literary or musical script, cannot be copied, printed or typed; it always must remain the author's original manuscript. The painters of the past took great pains with their penmanship because they were more cognizant of their public. Cézanne was too engrossed with the projection of an image to pay any attention to the manner of its execution. Consequently we must learn to read his hand before we can expect to understand the content. Only then do the crotchety accents, the indeterminate lines make any sense, and only then is what at first appeared like vacillating scribble transformed into symbolic graphic recordings of forms moving in space. In the throes of creation there was no time to worry about whether his efforts would convey a message or whether it could be understood.

When this first hurdle has been successfully cleared, new obstacles arise: his "faulty" drawing, ugly distortion and lack of finish. These are really closely linked and need not be considered separately. True, his drawing has not the perfection of an Ingres, with its classical, lyrical rhythm, its immaculate purity; or the precise incision of Degas, who wielded his crayon with the skill of a master surgeon. Cézanne's contours have a double function with a single purpose: to render concrete form effectively, impressionistically, not only as it is, but as it appears, by conjoining it with surrounding space. Those rugged accents emphasize form where its plasticity is essential, or lose it in space; they indulge in a delightful game of hide-and-seek. The flowing, rhythmic contours so freely indulged in by painters who attribute too much importance

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to the decorative were anathema to Cézanne. He loathed the "artistic" because he worshipped reality. He could not have more than one deity at a time, and his motif was the only one for the time being.

His drawing has more affinity with Rembrandt's, not as we know it from his paintings or etchings, but from those amazing, rapid sepia sketches unparalleled in the history of Western art. They reveal the Dutch master at his best, reaching the highest degree of abstraction, when the means employed were utterly unconscious in his impatience to project a visual image of a concept of the mind and heart.

But even more than his drawing, Cézanne's distortion, especially of the human body, aroused indignation and severe criticism. In a tree or an apple it is often not even noticed, but if one dares to deform the "sacred" human being, we take it as a personal insult! Is it because we like to identify ourselves with a pictorial image and would rather it be a bland Apollo Belvedere or a Madonna by Raphael? In art as in life we have certain standards of beauty, and too great a divergence from these ideals is likely to interfere with our aesthetic enjoyment. It is easy to understand how Cézanne's disregard of this time-honored canon outraged even his most ardent admirers.

Only when I realized that his distortion was not due to his inability to draw "correctly" or to optical imperfection, but to reasons purely compositional—only then did I comprehend that his malformations were in reality transformations. When seen separately, an arm or a leg or a torso appears disfigured; but seen as a whole, the separate units, as if swayed by a centripetal force, renounce some degree of their identity for the sake of the unity of the composition. He had to sacrifice the "beauty" of the part for the sake of the whole.

Throughout the ages painters have shown far greater latitude in color and chiaroscuro than in their interpretation of form. Form was something one had to respect; one could cheat a little, but one must not get too impertinent. Cézanne was not the first to distort; he only went further, and for a good reason. Sensitive to spacial reality no less than to corporeal, and perceptive of the elemental

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power of movement, he fused the three; and as a painter his chief interest was in appearances, not individual characteristics. Consequently all objects had to conform to his over-all composition, and even human beings had to renounce their long enjoyed priority. It is possible that he might have preferred to avoid distortion; but Cézanne, in his modesty, always believed that the picture's will, not his, should prevail.

Of all the changes in our standards of aesthetic values, none is more startling than our concept of when a painting is "finished." This problem has preoccupied the painter throughout the ages. We might have had many more masterpieces had the painters of the past listened to their consciences, trusted their eyes, and not had their ears cocked to the voice of the public. Now and then a Hogarth or a Turner or a Constable revolted against this concept of the public, and in a moment of freedom let the horse take the bit between his teeth and run away. What a pity they did it so seldom!

The concept of "finish" is based on a traditional notion that painting is a sister art of architecture and is subject to the same laws. As a matter of fact, their only kinship consists in that both are visual arts.

Since painting is essentially an abstract projection of an image, it is more closely related to music and literature. True, architecture has often been called "frozen music," but the painter is not interested in frozen objects. His main endeavor is to suggest the pulsation and rhythm of reality in fluid movement. Architecture is petrified, a static rock; painting, the surf washing over its surface. As long as one demands from a painting the attributes of a building, a painting devoid of minor details seems "unfinished." Only when we grasp the difference between material "finish" and spiritual completion can we fully appreciate Cézanne's amazing accomplishments. For he was not a *maker* of paintings; he was a *creator* whose chief aim was to project a graphic image of a visual, spiritual and emotional experience evoked by his motif. When he succeeded in its presentation according to his abilities, then the painting was finished, in spite of its unfinished appearance.

His "faulty" perspective? As a matter of fact, he was a master of

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pictorial perspective as it had been rendered throughout the ages prior to the discoveries made by Piero della Francesca and Paolo Ucello, whose scientific studies had, on the whole, a detrimental effect on painting. Their mental contribution displaced instinct, and the painter had to make sure he was right, whereas formerly he had *felt* that he was right. It was fortunate indeed that Giotto, the last of the classicists and the first of the Renaissance moderns, did not live a century later; he then might have been influenced by those *quattrocento* discoveries. Then his infallible pictorical perspective, so lyrical, so faultless, would have lost its architectonic rhythm. And this was not Giotto's contribution; it was a heritage from the past—from classical tradition.

I never could understand why the pre-Giotto painters are called "primitives." Primitives? They were the last of a glorious school, if anything too sophisticated and over-stylized. And Cézanne's perspective is of this tradition. There is nothing faulty about it; it is merely a question of the point of view. Instead of conceiving the picture from his eye level, it is seen from above, from a certain elevation. When the picture plane tilts upward diagonally, the ground plane must soon reach the upper edge of the frame. When objects are seen from an elevation, their dimensions do not undergo any violent diminution; when seen from the ground level, they grow smaller and smaller, and a greater depth is achieved—so destructive to the architectural picture plane, which should always retain its relative depth consistent with the bi-dimensional proportions of the painting.

The outstanding colorists of the past aimed at boundaries of color saturation, achieving a sumptuous richness. They soon reached ultimate perfection because of the limitation inherent in pigment. The paintings of Titian, El Greco, Rubens, Delacroix and others gleam like precious jewels. To explore color in the upward direction was futile: Cézanne turned in the opposite direction and explored it downward. This had been attempted by Poussin, Chardin and others, but had never been brought to such consummate perfection. When he sacrificed jewel-like saturation, his color range gained enormously in depth. When this became evident, I found that his color, which had seemed muddy, turned

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into a pattern of infinite variety of hues and nuances never before seen in art, but constantly before our eyes in nature. It also eliminated my objection to the ruminant surface of his paintings. Cézanne was deeply sensitive to form, and the only way he could project it in space was by breaking up the larger masses into smaller component parts as they move in light in the third dimension. And this in turn can be rendered only by means of neutral nuances of infinite variety.

As for chiaroscuro, his sin is one of omission rather than of commission. Chiaroscuro, as an aesthetic element of design so evident in his first period when it played so dominating a role in the overall pattern, became less and less important as his interest in color deepened. Even in his best canvases it only renders good service by emphasizing forms in their movement in the space. As an aesthetic element, it contributes little to the pictorial pattern of the composition. In old age, the greatest masters became more and more fascinated by the dramatic possibilities of chiaroscuro; we can see this in the last works of Michelangelo, Titian, Rembrandt, Daumier and others. Cézanne, too, fell under its spell; and in his third or last period, there is a reawakened interest in chiaroscuro. But he did not live long enough to bring it to greater fruition. Technically, he also reverted to his first period, again indulging in heavy impasto so characteristic of his earliest efforts.

As a painter I wonder what effect the Cézanne exhibition will have on our younger generation. It could be very salutary if he were taken, not as a model, but as an example. He has been called "the father of modern art." If he is, then the legitimacy of his children is questionable. What kinship can there be between a father whose very soul was intertwined with nature, and the new school of non-objectivists, who have cut loose from the cumbersome ties that inhibit their self-expression? If they are his offspring, then they must suffer from the notorious Oedipus complex and, with pencil, brush, chisel or mallet, are bent on the murder of their outmoded parent. At the moment the prospect is rather glum, for pure abstraction has become the ultimate purpose. There is little likelihood that the avant-garde, as long as it persists in its present direction, can learn anything from his art.

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Had non-objective painting been instigated by some orthodox sect with an irresistible urge for graphic expression, who in their piety would not break the commandment "Thou shalt not make thyself a graven thing, nor the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, nor of those things that are in the waters under the earth," there might be excuse for it, if not on aesthetic, then on moral grounds. But its adherents can be found among all creeds: they form a new hierarchy of self-worshippers, devotees of the only deity worthy of worship—oneself. They suffer from inflammation of the ego, not unlike an ingrown toenail that finds its way inward when it cannot move outward. But since the pain is abstract, it really does not matter.

The master of Aix never worried whether his art was abstract or not; he was too preoccupied with the interpretation of his motif. I understand that in Europe there is a movement back to nature, but here we are still passionate adherents of what was up-to-date some time ago in more advanced Europe and is passé there today. The American art student, because of the extraordinary availability of the reproductive processes, has become too pervious to the multitudinous influences of the diverse arts from all over the globe. He is disoriented and makes desultory efforts in every direction. And he is encouraged by the critic who, cognizant of the errors of judgment committed by his past colleagues who condemned what they could not understand, is now likely to commit the same errors in reverse.

In art as in science, ours is the experimental age. When successful, it reveals new horizons. Extensive experiments are being conducted in laboratories, and intensive ones in the studios of artists—who have much more fun, since the artist, unlike the scientist, has no test or criterion to settle once for all whether his experiment is successful or should go down the drain. Only his conscience can answer it. Judging by the pigmentary effusions that have found their way by hook or crook outside the artistic laboratories, his conscience is often caught napping.

Cézanne was not a nihilist; there is no interim between the past and the present. He was both an innovator and a resurrector of worth-while values which had been lost sight of. He had much in

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common with Johannes Brahms. Both were rebels and deeply traditional; both resurrectors of elemental values that had been dissipated in the stagnant pools of academism or ignored in the feverish haste of the avant-garde; both quick to benefit from contemporaries, but borrowing no more than they could assimilate.

Cézanne was deeply perceptive of his inheritance—a basic tactile sense that is timeless—and keenly conscious of what he had acquired: a color concept introduced by the Impressionists that then seemed temporal. The cultural interval between these extremes had little interest for him.

It is precisely this lack of polish, his utter disregard of good manners, that a cultivated public, with an exaggerated belief that above all the artist must learn to behave himself, resented most. As a matter of fact, he was preoccupied with matters more important than his manners. And it was his disregard of etiquette that interfered with a more sensitive response to what is so vital in his art: the eternal primitive flame that keeps on burning long after the fire of the creator of the flame has burned itself out and only a handful of ashes remains.

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The Hoofbeat of Happiness

IRENE ORGEL

I have heard the hoofbeat of happiness
Close in the night,
And sweeping my doorstep,
Seen the mark in the morning mud.

Then will he, when will he
Spring from the thicket,
And clatter astonished,
Astonishing, into view?

Sufficient he lives in the forest I live in,
Feeds on the leaves,
And through the tender foliage
Watches with quiet eyes.

✪ Poems by IRENE ORGEL have appeared previously in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. "The Hoofbeat of Happiness" has been set to music, and will be part of a song cycle composed of other poems by Miss Orgel.

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The Relevance of Thomas Jefferson for the Twentieth Century

JULIAN P. BOYD

THE TITLE OF MY REMARKS, I must confess, embarrasses me by its use of the word *relevance*. Today the scholar engaged in humane studies is called upon to justify his researches by relating their meaning to some continuing problem or issue of the present. Otherwise, as he is told in unequivocal terms, his work becomes mere antiquarianism or pedantry. He is invited to flee from the ivory tower and to take his place on the curbstone of busy streets, where all can see that he is engaged in work whose relevance to the affairs of men is immediate, tangible and—to use a good Jeffersonian phrase—self-evident. Only there, it would appear, can he be sure of basking in the sunshine that radiates from above in the form of research grants from foundations, promotions within the academic hierarchy, and recognition from society at large. This tendency has several unhappy results. The least obnoxious is that humanists, who after all are human, sometimes attempt to demonstrate the relevance of their endeavors with logic more spectacular than convincing. It is this that produces my embarrassment, for I am aware that in the context of the learned world today my choice of title looks suspiciously like a humanistic research project dressed up to attract the eye of a foundation officer.

But my choice of subject was in fact no choice at all. I happen to be fortunate enough to spend most of my professional life in

© JULIAN P. BOYD, librarian of Princeton University from 1940 to 1952, is the editor of *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson*. Another article written by Dr. Boyd, "The Fear of Ideas," appeared in the Autumn issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. This article was first delivered in its present form at Yale University in April, 1952, as the Lamont Lecture.

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the company of a man whose mind and principles and amiable qualities I admire greatly. There are some unattractive features of the century in which he lived, but these are negligible when placed in the scales with his qualities. As he believed that governments should not be overthrown for light and transient causes, so I prefer not to leave his society except for compelling reasons. But there comes a time when conscience will not permit the scholar to remain in solitary indulgence in the pleasures of the ivory tower. Whether he enjoys it or not, he is compelled to make some observations upon the century in which he exists, at least until someone suggests that if he does not like it here he might go back to the century from which he came.

In any event, Thomas Jefferson himself offers the best of precedents both for the problem of the relevance of learning to live and for the occasional duty that cannot be evaded of giving up the pleasures of study for the distressing realities of practical issues. "Nature," he confided to DuPont de Nemours, "intended me for the tranquil pursuits of science by rendering them my supreme delight." Mathematics was his favorite branch of study; music, his chief art; architecture, his joy; mechanics, his useful pastime; agriculture, his sustenance of body and soul; politics, his duty—and his greatest achievement. He was the first American, declared Chastellux, to consult the fine arts in order to shelter himself from the weather. He assembled the finest and most discriminatingly gathered library in America, and in all his omnivorous reading, in every branch of learning that it embraced, utility was a dominant purpose. "No body can conceive," he gently remonstrated with David Rittenhouse for wasting his talents in government, "that nature ever intended to throw away a Newton upon the occupations of a crown. It would have been a prodigality for which even the conduct of providence might have been arraigned, had he been by birth annexed to what was so far below him. Co-operating with nature in her ordinary oeconomy, we should dispose of and employ the geniusses of men according to their several orders and degrees."

This was at once Jefferson's tender of advice that he himself

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could not follow, and his tribute to the standing that intellectual achievement should occupy in society. Nothing would have delighted Jefferson more than to remain at his beloved Monticello indulging in the pleasures of books and farming, but, when the practical issues of his own day made that impossible, he contrived to make his studies and his public duties two sides of the same coin. Where we require that such relevancy be demonstrated or at least demonstrable, he assumed that there existed an important if undefined relationship between all areas of learning and the new order of society that he heralded. With him this was axiomatic. Only thus could a republican society sustain the natural aristocracy of virtue and talent that would make good its promises. From this followed a scheme of education providing for a common base as well as for a progressive narrowing at the summit of specialization. "Nothing can be sounder," he declared, "than the . . . importance of laying a broad foundation . . . whereon to raise the superstructure of any particular science which one would desire to profess with credit and usefulness. The lamentable disregard of this since the Revolution has filled our country with Blackstone lawyers, Sangrado physicians, a ranting clergy, and a lounging gentry, who render neither honor nor service to mankind."

But while he understood the need for specialization, he would not have understood the chasms that we have allowed to grow up in the world of learning which are so often employed as excuses to justify inertia in learning and failure to communicate. The library at Monticello contained, among the impressive shelves of books, a small hand forge, a cabinet of scientific instruments, a surveyor's transit, a collection of fossils, a set of drafting instruments. Here the necessary but theoretical divisions of knowledge, adapted by Jefferson from Bacon, were subordinated to the aim of producing an integrated man in a free society. In the room that contained both library and laboratory, Jefferson was a man of learning endeavoring to fit himself for an exacting specialization, not merely to become a paleontologist, a student of linguistics, an architect, an archaeologist, a jurisconsult, an agronomist, a promoter of medical advances—though he was all of these and more.

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The problem of relevance in Jefferson's pursuit of learning required a particular kind of specialization. In achieving it he brought forth answers, characteristically, that were not local and ephemeral, immediately related to the exigencies of a particular society at a particular crisis, but universal and timeless. It is precisely because of this that Jefferson has meaning for the twentieth century. A man of universal learning, he was a specialist in tyranny. He knew its face and form as he knew his familiar lands along the Rivanna. He knew its obvious and its devious manifestations, and he swore eternal hostility against its every attempt to work upon the mind of man.

It is necessary to appeal to him as such a specialist because we are being told daily, in very respectable and even learned quarters, that a specialist in eighteenth-century forms of tyranny has nothing to say to us as we confront unprecedented tyrannies that make those of his day appear by comparison to be benevolent charities. This denial of Jefferson's relevance is not based merely upon the vast differences between the Arcadian simplicity of the eighteenth century and the enormous complexity of the twentieth. These differences are indeed so overwhelming as to make Jefferson's era appear closer to the Stone Age than to the age of electronics and atomic energy. But they constitute less a denial than a confirmation of his meaning to us. Only a static society would have betrayed him; only a failure to change would have made his life a failure. The differences that exist between our world and his justify us in rejecting as irrelevant the doctrines and attitudes of a Calhoun or a Taylor, for they employed Jefferson's words and beliefs to bolster the status quo, not to bring about its alteration. When Jefferson, as rector of the University of Virginia, required that the occupant of the chair of law should not be a devotee of Blackstone and Hume or a Richmond Federalist, he did so to insure change, not to prevent it. He expected the twentieth century in America to be vastly different from his own. He foresaw more of the age of commerce and manufacturing and technology than is supposed, and he did his share to bring it to pass. The man who thought that it would take the American people a thousand years

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to reach the shores of the Pacific would doubtless stand in amazement at the extent of the change—the vast urban centers, the incredible magic of communication and transportation, the staggering productions of industry and agriculture, the evidences of material rewards being spread so widely in all parts of a prosperous society. But I think he would have been dismayed to learn that we have come to regard these things as the sources of security for a republic.

"The territories of the American states," declared a perceptive Englishman in 1783, "from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi, contain an inexhaustible source of Riches, Industry, and future Power. These will be the Foundations of great Events in the new Page of Life." There were many others in America who spoke in such conventional symbols of the future power of America. But Jefferson looked confidently to other sources of strength. In 1801, he was the chief magistrate of an infant republic that no realist in statecraft would have dared refer to as a world power. Yet, in words that kindled the imagination of a whole people and caused them to look within themselves for the origins of national energy, he declared: "I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on *the theoretic and visionary fear* that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it is the only one where every man, at the call of the laws, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern." The greatest gulf that separates Jefferson from the twentieth century is that we seem to have turned our back on his faith and to have embraced what he called "a theoretic and visionary fear." It is a fear that commits treason upon an ancient human hope and makes of law itself a tyranny.

For, as Jefferson knew, even law can be tyrannical. If we were to ask him, as an intelligent New Yorker did in 1819, to define the

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terms "Liberty" and "Republic" which together sustained a government that was the world's best hope, he might tell us, with better reason than he told Isaac Tiffany, that these words "have been so multifariously applied as to convey no precise idea to the mind." Nevertheless, I think he would insist on the applicability to our day of the definitions that he wrote that April day at Monticello. "Of Liberty . . . I would say that, in the whole plenitude of it's extent, it is unobstructed action according to our will, within the limits drawn around us by the equal right of others. I do not add 'within the limits of the law'; *because law is often but the tyrant's will, and always so when it violates the right of an individual.*"

This definition, as any student of government knows, is not self-enacting and does not resolve any of the vast number of conflicts on which private rights and public order must be constantly reassessed. Jefferson understood this as well as anyone else. But what becomes of his definition of liberty when the state itself is imperiled? Can the law be said to be tyranny when in such a case it circumscribes the rights of individuals in order that the remaining rights of all individuals might be protected against a greater tyranny that threatens, when in power, the total extinction of such rights? If so, is not this so-called tyranny justified in such extremities? And have we not in the twentieth century arrived at such a point, thereby making Jefferson and his faith somewhat theoretic and visionary?

This is the central question of our time, as I think all will agree. It has brought agony of soul even to the most thoughtful men. It has produced tortured and inconclusive evasions in those who have been called upon to answer it judicially. It has produced panic and fear in high public office and in industry and even in that last citadel of the free mind, the university. It has produced moral cowardice and treason to our national ideals. In the face of this question, many have denied that Jefferson and his faith have any meaning for us. I do not, of course, refer to those who have cynically profaned the rights of individuals by committing their tyrannies in the name of such rights. I refer rather to those intellectuals who have joined in the repudiation of the "lost world of Thomas Jefferson," condemning its vision as myopic, its faith naive, its

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approach to the problems of society uninformed and mistaken, its view of man erroneous. In its most succinct form, this view has been put by Professor Sidney Hook, who declared that the threat facing our society is so great as to make it sheer folly to suppose that it can be countered by quotations from Jefferson. As to this, we need only pause to comment that Jefferson himself would be among the first to assert that the appeal to the dogma of any individual, living or dead, belongs among the superstitions of a society primitive enough to accept witchcraft and sorcery as evils dismissible by signs and incantations, not among the solutions available to rational men. But a more serious and reasoned rejection of Jefferson has been set forth in good faith by historians and philosophers.

Two decades ago the late Carl Becker delivered a brilliant series of lectures at Yale, subsequently published under the title of *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers.* This little volume has gone through several printings and its repute is well deserved. It is a discerning comparison of the Age of Faith of St. Thomas Aquinas and of the Age of Reason to which Thomas Jefferson belonged. Both eras, Becker discovered, were ages of faith; both made use of reason. In the thirteenth century the role of reason was "to demonstrate the truth of revealed knowledge, to reconcile diverse and pragmatic experience with the rational pattern of the world as given in faith." But in the eighteenth-century age of rationalism, faith was also dominant, its religion rejecting the innate depravity of man, proclaiming the aim of life to be life itself, expressing confidence in man's capacity to govern himself by reason and justice, and declaring the need of emancipating men's minds from the bondage of ignorance and superstition. As for the age of St. Thomas, said Becker, it was a climate in which modern man, drawing his beliefs from the cosmogony of Jeans, could only gasp for breath. As for the faith in an absolute law to which Jefferson and his contemporaries gave their allegiance, it, too, was no longer justifiable historically or philosophically; but it was, though naive, a humane and engaging guide for human conduct.

Becker made these observations even more explicit in 1943

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when, before the American Philosophical Society, he once more examined the validity of Jefferson's faith for the twentieth century. He discovered then that the Jeffersonian concept of tyranny was limited. Living in the eighteenth century, Jefferson and his contemporaries considered individual liberty as being chiefly endangered by the misuse of political power. Hence the doctrine of the separation of powers, the emphasis upon a national government of enumerated powers narrowly defined, the resort to states' rights, the defense of laissez faire as a principle of government. More, Jefferson failed to anticipate the gigantic changes wrought by the technological revolution, and thus did not foresee that the twentieth century would expose the individual to corporate forms of tyranny that would far outstrip those imposed by the mild governments of that remote age. Quoting Bryce, Becker agreed that Jefferson and others at the time "mistook the pernicious channels in which selfish propensities had been flowing, for those propensities themselves, which were sure to find new channels when the old had been destroyed." Nevertheless, despite his failure to anticipate these shifts in power, Jefferson's basic philosophy, Becker concluded, was still ours. In essentials, he declared, "democracy means for us what it meant for him": the inalienable rights of man were "realities that men will always fight and die for rather than surrender."

The likeness of Jefferson that Becker delineated is that produced by a serious and thoughtful historian, and though its substance merits acceptance, it needs modification. Jefferson knew a great deal more about the sources and the nature of power than either Bryce or Becker supposed. He certainly did not envisage a static society, as the latter seemed to imply. As for states' rights, his most conspicuous championship of that doctrine was less a defense of the sovereignty of the individual states than it was an effort to gain control of national power in order to prevent its use in a manner destructive of the promise underlying the American experiment. Long before the Industrial Revolution had got well under way, Jefferson faced the selfish propensities of corporate power seeking to use the authority of government for its own ex-

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ploitations—faced them and for a time frustrated them. But it was not in the Plan of Government for the Western Territory known as the Ordinance of 1784, nor in the use of authority in the acquisition of Louisiana, nor in his advocacy of the assumption of state debts in 1783, that Jefferson made his unique contribution to national strength. These and other political acts of his were momentous, and deserve to be ranked with the fiscal measures of Hamilton or the judicial decisions of Marshall. But what he contributed went deeper than statutes and reports. Never once in half a century of public life deviating from devotion to the idea of the permanence of the American union, Jefferson's allegiance to the nation was controlled by his belief that it was indeed the world's best hope. In the Declaration of Independence, in the First Inaugural, in the *Notes on Virginia* and in many other state papers, he voiced national aspirations which gave strength and validity to the formal acts of government.

Whether this were so or not, we should be false to his expression of those aspirations if in our day we were to attempt any appeal to his favorite political forms and institutions by lifting them out of their eighteenth-century context. A cardinal precept with him was his belief that each generation should solve its own problems in its own way. "The earth belongs in usufruct to the living," he declared repeatedly, and "the dead have neither powers nor rights over it." Even his hostility to enormous public debt was grounded at bottom on this principle—that one generation could not mortgage the freedom of action of another. He himself used the past, but he was not its slave. Why, indeed, he asked, should his generation look to Aristotle's *Politics* for practical utility in affairs of government? "So different was the style of society then, and with those people," he wrote in 1816, "from what it is now with us, that I think little edification can be obtained from their writings on government. They had a just idea of the value of personal liberty, but none at all of the structure of government best calculated to preserve it." Almost the first and most conspicuous meaning that Jefferson has for us, then, is his warning against the danger of appealing to the past. The human experience could be,

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as he proved, both an exhilarating exploration and a source of power, but like other kinds of power it could also be corrupting. If his age was more nearly akin to Aristotle's than ours, why indeed should we appeal to him in facing our dilemmas?

With a very different approach from that of Carl Becker, and with a respectable following, Reinhold Niebuhr concludes that it would be folly for us to do so. Jefferson's faith, he tells us, was not merely naive but misleading. It has made of the American experience a harsh irony "because so many dreams of our nation have been so cruelly refuted by history." America has become what Jefferson most feared, a nation engaging necessarily in "precisely those collective actions for the sake of justice which Jefferson regarded as wholly incompatible with justice." The author of *The Irony of American History* urges us therefore to reject this cherished illusion of the Jeffersonian faith because his creed, repudiated by what is called the "realities" of history, "is too individualistic to measure the social dimension of human existence and too optimistic to gauge the hazards to justice which exist in every community, particularly in the international one." In brief, the philosophy that Jefferson stated for the hopeful beginnings of a new society in a new world was one of those "illusions of 'new beginnings in history' that . . . are never quite as new as is assumed, and never remain quite as pure as when they are new."

With this last observation one cannot quarrel, though it may be remarked that the opposite belief which rests upon the doctrine of the innate depravity of man has likewise an ancient lineage. But to conclude, as Mr. Niebuhr does, that the ills of the world today follow from the "shallowness of a liberalism based on illusions of reason" is to indulge in logic requiring more demonstration than he has as yet produced. It would be quite as logical to suppose those ills to derive from the even more ancient illusions which he would substitute in their place. Perhaps it would be sounder to conclude that the world is in its present state because Jeffersonian liberalism, like Christianity, has not yet been given full and fair trial.

There are in the contemporary world many others who for far less philosophical reasons urge us to reject as unrealistic the faith

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for which Jefferson spoke. Though Mr. Niebuhr did not look to Jefferson, as did Abraham Lincoln, to learn "the definitions and axioms of free society," and though I cannot accept his conclusions or his all but unrecognizable portrayal of Jefferson, his position is less disturbing than that of many who acquiesce in dismissing Jefferson as Jefferson dismissed Aristotle. For philosophical and religious motives are not the only motives that prompt such a dismissal or an acquiescence in it. In 1943, when Becker spoke before the American Philosophical Society, one could still behold the strange spectacle of the flag bearing the hammer and sickle flying beside the Stars and Stripes over the Union League Club. We had not yet entered upon seven years of fright and hysteria. Thus Becker was concerned primarily with the tyrannies of corporate power and did not look to the more corroding tyranny of fear.

A century ago Edward Everett dismissed the philosophy of the Declaration of Independence as containing nothing but "glittering generalities." A materialistic era applauded him in bland forgetfulness of the bright promises of our infancy. Today we are in danger of repeating that error, and for a reason even more gross. Our reason is that we are afraid. We are afraid because we do not share Jefferson's faith in the ability of the people to reject the false and to choose the good. We do not believe, in spite of what he and others in our history have demonstrated, that the courage to exhibit that kind of faith carries with it a vast reservoir of strength and confidence more powerful than all of our industry and armament, and without which these are but broken reeds. "The animosities of sovereigns are temporary and may be allayed," Jefferson wrote in 1786. "But those which seize the whole body of a people, and of a people too who dictate their own measures, produce calamities of long duration." A frightened people, whose leaders encourage its fears because of moral cowardice or for political advantage, is a terrible tyrant, capable of destroying the things it has most cherished. "For a people wanting to themselves," said James Wilson in the Pennsylvania ratifying convention of 1787, "there is no remedy; from their power . . . there is no appeal; to their errour . . . no correction."

The climate of the eighteenth century in America was such as

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to draw forth the latent powers of a Jefferson. The political fact of independence and the geographical fact of a new continent were powerful elements in this nurturing climate, but they were neither decisive nor paramount. The indispensable source of strength and vitality, the heady wine which Jefferson tasted and from which he never recovered, was a belief in the inviolability of the sacred inner being of the individual and a vision of his possibilities in a society which permitted him the maximum freedom of choice. The philosophy of this new day was expressed by Jefferson in an immortal paragraph of the Declaration of Independence. The striking thing about its various elements is not their newness but their ancient background. The concept of "the law of nature and of nature's God," the concept of the inalienable rights of the individual, the concept of government by consent of the governed, the concept of the right of revolution—all stretched back centuries into the dim past of human experience. Not one of the major principles which we think of and defend as constituting the very base and substance of the American way is American in origin or distinctiveness. All are of foreign birth.

Of this Jeffersonian statement of our national ideal, John Adams declared that it contained nothing new or original, being an appropriation of trite and hackneyed ideas set forth in debates in Congress, and Richard Henry Lee asserted that it had been borrowed from the writings of John Locke. This was true. Jefferson's greatness lay not in what he invented or in any program of rebellion that he set forth, but in his identifying himself and his words with a common aspiration of the people. His meaning for us as an embodiment of these principles of society lies not in the singularity or uniqueness of his statement, but in the utter and undeviating devotion he gave to a universal aim. "The political path . . . which I pursued," he declared, was "with the crowd along the common highway." He did not build or even discover this highway. His great achievement was to name it, to give it a marker that all could read, to inspire a whole people to have confidence in its ultimate destination.

The climate of the twentieth century is totally different from

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that to which Jefferson responded with such single-minded devotion. Where he saw one broad highway, we see many, or none. Where he proclaimed a society based upon a natural order of aristocracy of virtue and talent, we revere the low common denominator. Where he looked to the summit of the pyramid for social advancement, we project our systems of education and our great engines of communication at the base. Where he confidently set forth a creed that allowed each individual to trust the markers along the highway, to move with the crowd, to move against it, or to abandon the highway altogether, we insist upon compelling all to move together in tyrannical uniformity, penalizing those who dare to set up their own private markers or even to proclaim belief in those we have always followed. Where he walked in the invigorating sunshine in which tolerance of all opinion, even opinion against tolerance, was implicit, we move in the increasingly "black silence of fear"—fear of dissent, fear of departure from the norm, fear of expression by the nonconformist, fear of those who imagine the king's death.

But this, too, is no new phenomenon. The "crowd along the common highway" has been through such darknesses before. Even in such times there are some who, like hardy desert plants, defy the stifling climate. They are few, of course, for the natural *aristoi* of virtue and talent bears perhaps a similar proportion to the whole as an aristocracy of birth and position. It is true today that their voice is not silenced, and this is the most encouraging evidence of all that Jefferson does have meaning for the twentieth century. There are even hopeful signs that the people as a whole are proving Jefferson's observation that "the will of the majority, the Natural Law of every society . . . the only sure guardian of the rights of man," exhibits "errors [that] are honest, solitary, and short-lived."

This, if true, has not yet been discovered by some legislators or by recent majorities of the Supreme Court. But Mr. Justice Douglas, in a courageous dissent in the Dennis case, was using both the words and the beliefs of Jefferson when he declared that "the opinions of men are not the object of civil government, nor under its

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jurisdiction . . . [and that] it is time enough for the rightful purposes of . . . government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order."

Another authentic voice was that of Mr. Justice Black, who, in dissenting to the most outrageous invasion of private right ever set forth as a decision of the court, declared: "Public officials cannot be constitutionally vested with powers to select the ideas people can think about, censor the public views they can express, or choose the persons or groups people can associate with. Public officials with such powers are not public servants; they are public masters."

Another is Mark Van Doren, four of whose books were ordered removed from the library of Jersey City College because of the alleged opinions and associations of the author, who yet had courage to say: "My faith in the American people and their government—even though some members of that government have shown signs of panic—is still so great that I say this here and now: Whenever I shall be asked my opinion on any crucial matter, and when I have an opinion that I feel deeply, I will express it and join others in expressing it. . . . In the America of Lincoln and Thoreau there is no good reason for fear. . . . Silence in democracy is death, and I do not want democracy to die."

Still another is Van Wyck Brooks, whose concluding chapter of a distinguished work is a tribute to the persistence in our day of the universal hope for which Jefferson stood. Still another is the president of Yale University, who, when others in like position counsel silence or bending before the storm, shows in his scholarly writings and in his public acts how staunchly he adheres to the Jeffersonian faith. There are many others, and I believe their number is growing. Some have given up their means of livelihood—if the poorly paid positions of teachers and librarians can be flattered with such a description—because their consciences would not permit them to yield to the tyranny of law or that of self-constituted authority.

The number of these hardy Jeffersonian plants is still small, but, if my reading of history is correct, they will prevail even in

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this climate of ours. Their courage, I believe, is of a higher order of magnitude even than Jefferson's, their faith in his principles more indestructible. For where he was required only to conform to an age ripe for rebellion, it is their fate to rebel against an age that demands conformity.

But while we look confidently for the ultimate triumph of the Jeffersonian faith over these obvious tyrannies, the chains that are being riveted may ultimately come from a source from which, paradoxically, Jefferson sought the emancipation of the individual. "I join you," he wrote a young lawyer, ". . . in branding as cowardly the idea that the human mind is incapable of further advances. This is precisely the doctrine which the present despots of the earth are inculcating . . . and applying especially to religion and politics. . . . But thank heaven the American mind is already too much opened to listen to these impostures; and while the art of printing is left to us, science can never be retrograde; what is once acquired of real knowledge can never be lost. To preserve the freedom of the mind then and freedom of the press, every spirit should be ready to devote itself to martyrdom; for as long as we may think as we will, and speak as we think, the condition of man will proceed in improvement."

Education, free access to accumulating knowledge, and faith in the ability of the human race to choose the good—these in Jefferson's opinion would prove that man's "mind is perfectible to a degree of which we cannot as yet form any conception." But it is from these very sources that the threat of a new and subtle tyranny appears. Our age increasingly depends upon statistics and social measurements in which the individual is a mere unit in a group, whose behavior under given conditions is more and more expected to be predictable. This opens up vast new areas which fill the twentieth-century Jeffersonian with legitimate apprehensions. He has no doubt whatever of the triumph of Jefferson's faith over the threat of communism—if that faith is given a fair chance. He does not doubt even its ultimate triumph over the greater threat posed by the fears and hysteria of those who would defend democracy with the methods of the police state. But he begins soberly to

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wonder whether such a faith can meet on equal ground the measurements and predictions of the statistician and the sociologist.

For he cannot disavow the ground on which his faith rests. The vast accumulation of knowledge in the area of the so-called social sciences, which give increasingly dependable prognostications of what man will do, may in the end elevate the social scientist to the position once occupied by religion and philosophy, which through the centuries told him what he ought to do. Thus the power of knowledge which Jefferson believed would liberate the individual may eventually turn out to be his tyrant.

But man has triumphed in the past over blows to his self-esteem resulting from scientific explorations. He has been mauled and flattened by astronomers, biologists, geologists and paleontologists. He has proved that he has a resilient nature, and always he has come back with renewed faith in himself. He may even be able eventually to cope with the sociologist. But if this, too, is an illusion, we have Jefferson's comforting words to remember. "If we are to dream," he said to Barbé-Marbois, "the flatteries of hope are as cheap, and pleasanter, than the gloom of despair."

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The Dead-Sea Scrolls

WILLIAM FOXWELL ALBRIGHT

OF ALL THE HUMANITIES, archaeology is the most unpredictable. Almost every person interested in history responds to the excitement of a discovery of art treasures or ancient books. It is impossible to foretell just what individual discoveries will be made, but it is certain that every one will eventually fit into its place in the mosaic of our historical past.

The discovery of an ancient library brings a special thrill to the heart of the historian. Since the recovery of a library of papyrus rolls at Herculaneum, where it had been buried by the famous eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, two centuries have passed; but during this period archaeological library finds have become more and more frequent. We need refer only to the many discoveries of papyrus archives and libraries in Egypt, the most recent being the more than forty lost Gnostic treatises located in 1947 at Chenoboskion in Upper Egypt—treatises which are still to be published.

From time to time there have been striking discoveries of manuscripts of the Bible itself or of related literature. Thus, in 1774, the Scottish explorer James Bruce brought the first Ethiopic manuscripts of the lost Book of Enoch (second century B.C.) back with him from Abyssinia. In 1859, Constantin Tischendorf found at Sinai a Greek codex, or bound volume, which contained most of the Greek Old Testament and all of the New; this Codex Sinaiticus has subsequently been dated, by its script, in the first half of the fourth century A.D. In 1896, the Hebrew original of Ecclesiasticus (Ben Sira), an important book of the Greek Bible from the early second century B.C., was discovered in the famous

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Cairo Geniza. In 1930, seven parchment codices of the fifth century A.D. containing the long-lost original literature of the Manichaeans, later called Albigenses, came to light in Coptic translations; the original writings go back to the third century A.D. Since 1931, a large number of papyrus leaves containing portions of both Old and New Testament from the second and third centuries A.D. have become known; these Chester Beatty Papyri are, for practical purposes, the oldest Biblical manuscripts in Greek. Important as all of these finds are, not one approaches, in its value for Biblical scholarship, the one to which we turn now.

In the Spring of 1947, some Bedouins accidentally found a little cave high up on the side of a steep hill overlooking the Dead Sea. The cave was only about six feet wide and less than thirty feet long, but in it were a number of large leather rolls and several intact jars in which the scrolls had been placed. Through the mediation of dealers in Bethlehem some of the rolls were bought by Syrian monks of St. Mark's Monastery in Jerusalem, while others were subsequently acquired by Professor E. L. Sukenik for the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Unfortunately, war between the Jews and the Arabs had broken out, and no communication was possible between the Jews in western Jerusalem and the inhabitants of the Arab quarters to the east.

Meanwhile, the Syrian monks of St. Mark got in touch with John C. Trever, acting director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem. Dr. Trever proved to be exceedingly competent and resourceful; he established friendly relations with the monks, obtained permission to photograph the scrolls, repaired them so that they could be handled, and photographed them.

In early March, 1948, I received a letter from Trever in which he enclosed two Leica prints of the first Isaiah Scroll of the Dead-Sea collection. I had devoted much study to the paleography of Hebrew and Aramaic in the Hellenistic-Roman period, and had published a long paper in the *Journal of Biblical Literature* on the evolution of the Aramaic cursive script, insisting on a date between about 150 and 50 B.C. for the famous Nash Papyrus. The latter was part of a single column or leaf, containing the text of the Ten Commandments and part of the following liturgical

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section, or the so-called "Shema." First published in 1903, its original editor had dated it in the early second century A.D., while another scholar had more boldly placed it in the first century A.D. However, since then the inscriptional material from between 500 B.C. and A.D. 500 had increased tenfold. In particular, it had become clear that the script of the Nash Papyrus was more archaic than that of any of the two-hundred-odd inscriptions carved, scratched or painted on objects from the last century of the Second Temple (that is, from the time of the Herods and the Roman procurators, 37 B.C. to A.D. 70).

As a result of this intensive study of the paleographic data, it was a simple matter to place the new scroll in its evolutionary setting. Examination of Trever's two prints quickly established the fact that the script was, on the whole, even more archaic than that of the Nash Papyrus, though there was enough similarity between them to ensure a roughly contemporary dating between about 150 and 50 B.C. Since the script of the Isaiah Scroll resembled that of the Edfu Papyri and contemporary documents from the third century B.C. (nearly all discovered after 1900) as closely, on the average, as it did that of the inscriptions from the last century of the Second Temple, this dating appeared to be very reasonable and was announced later in the Spring of 1948.

Immediately afterward, Sukenik, who had been working on the scrolls which he had acquired for the Hebrew University, made a brief report through the press, insisting on a date not later than A.D. 70. Later he fixed his dates for the older scrolls in the last two centuries B.C. It gradually transpired that seven different compositions were wholly or in large part preserved: two scrolls of Isaiah, one complete, the other about a third preserved; about two-thirds of a commentary on the first two chapters of Habakkuk; over two-thirds of a Scroll of Discipline describing the beliefs and practices of the Jews to whom the library had belonged, about half of the remaining part being subsequently recovered from the Bedouins; extensive remains of "Thanksgiving Psalms" of the sect; a roll containing an account of a future war between the "Children of Light" and the "Children of Darkness"; a very badly preserved Aramaic scroll, not yet unrolled, which was

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identified by Trever as belonging to the lost pseudepigraphical "Book of Lamech." This list does not include a great many longer and shorter fragments of Biblical and other Jewish literary works. Preliminary accounts of the scrolls acquired by the Syrians, which had meanwhile been brought into safety in this country by the Metropolitan of St. Mark, Archbishop Athanasius Yeshue Samuel, were published in late 1948 by Millar Burrows, John C. Trever and William H. Brownlee. The scrolls in the Hebrew University were described provisionally by E. L. Sukenik in a publication which appeared toward the end of the same year. Scholars in Europe and Israel began independent work on the contents of the scrolls, and interest ran very high.

Not all scholars were pleased with the sensational publicity accorded the Dead-Sea Scrolls, or with the notoriety which came to those most closely associated with them. Besides, it was becoming clearer all the time that if the scrolls should turn out to be as important as claimed by their discoverers, they would seriously endanger many cherished theories. Spokesman for the critics was Solomon Zeitlin, professor of Rabbinic Literature at the Dropsie College for Hebrew and Cognate Learning in Philadelphia. He had expressed vigorous disbelief in the value of the scrolls from the time of the first news dispatches in the Spring of 1948; and after detailed accounts of the new discoveries had appeared later that year, he published a slashing onslaught in the January, 1949, number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review,* which he edited. He declared that the Dead-Sea Scrolls were a "hoax"—although to this day he has not explained precisely what he means by this ambiguous term. He insisted that there was no evidence that they had actually been found in a cave in the Dead Sea Valley, and implied that they were either comparatively modern rolls which had been palmed off on the Hebrew University and the American School of Oriental Research, or that they were recent forgeries. He demanded that archaeologists search for the alleged cave and excavate it carefully before claiming that the scrolls had been found there. Paleography, the study of the evolution of scripts, was, he asserted, no science at all; and even if it were, too little was known about the develop-

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ment of Hebrew and Aramaic writing to warrant the use of paleographic arguments. He maintained that the only solid basis for dating such documents was a careful analysis of their contents—in other words, literary criticism. Since Professor Zeitlin is the author of many volumes and monographs on Jewish history and literature, he had no trouble in finding discrepancies between his own past interpretations and the contents of the Dead-Sea Scrolls, to the disadvantage of the latter.

This initial paper by Zeitlin was followed by a number of longer papers. He was promptly attacked by other Jewish and Christian scholars, who had an easy time showing that he was careless about detail and had often misquoted his critics. His skepticism about paleography was strongly opposed by Solomon Birnbaum of the University of London, easily the ablest living authority on Jewish paleography. Although Zeitlin's literary and historical arguments were challenged by other rabbinic scholars of equal reputation, he resolutely engaged all his critics and gained adherents rapidly.

At this stage a Belgian officer attached to the United Nations Truce Commission in Palestine, Captain Lippens, became interested in the mystery of the cave where the Bedouins claimed to have found the scrolls. Enlisting the interest of the Arab legion, he persuaded their officers to arrange for a thorough combing of the cliffs and hills facing the Dead Sea from the northwest. The cave was found, and the two foremost archaeologists in the Kingdom of Jordan took joint charge of the work there: G. L. Harding, director of antiquities in Jordan; and Père R. de Vaux, director of the École Biblique et Archéologique Française in Jerusalem. These scholars cleared the little grotto completely, finding shards of over forty cylindrical jars which had once held scrolls, quantities of linen cloth in which the scrolls had been wrapped, and, above all, nearly a thousand fragments of more scrolls. Originally there may have been two or three hundred sheepskin scrolls in the collection, as well as some papyri inscribed in Hebrew and Greek. The pottery was entirely Hellenistic, except for a few pieces of third-century Roman date. They were inclined to place the sealing of the original deposit in the cave not far from 100 B.C.

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This find removed all doubt about the genuineness of the original discoveries, except among Zeitlin's extreme adherents, but there was still an obstacle to surmount—the question of date. All the researchers, whether philologians or archaeologists or paleographers, insisted on dating the finds before A.D. 70, and many dated them a century or more earlier. De Vaux and Harding went so far as to date them fifty to one hundred years earlier than I was willing to go; Birnbaum held to a mediating role. But other scholars, more remote from the scene of action, continued their opposition under the leadership of G. R. Driver, professor of Semitic Languages at Oxford, whose most recent study came out in late 1951, under the title *The Hebrew Scrolls from the Neighborhood of Jericho and the Dead Sea.*

Meanwhile, the distinguished Semitist Paul Kahle, residing in England since 1938, had called attention to Origen's account of the finding of ancient Biblical scrolls in a cave near Jericho early in the third century A.D. Kahle was inclined to connect this statement with the pieces of Roman pottery, also from about the third century, which had been discovered in the Dead-Sea Scroll Cave. But there was a rival possibility of similar type, which was seized on by Driver: the Nestorian patriarch Timothy I, writing in Syriac about A.D. 800, described a discovery of Hebrew books made in a cave near Jericho. So Driver adopted the view that the Dead-Sea Scrolls belonged to the early Middle Ages, particularly to the period between 500 and 800. Driver rejected all arguments drawn from paleography and archaeology; he even denied the pertinence of the new argument from radio-carbon dating of the linen, published in the first months of 1951. A quantity of linen from the Scroll Cave had been sent to this country by Mr. Harding, and W. F. Libby and his associates analyzed it at the Institute for Nuclear Studies of the University of Chicago. The count yielded a dating about A.D. 33, plus or minus two centuries. This would support any chronology from Harding's own initial date in the second century B.C. to Kahle's preference for the third century A.D.; it would conflict with all attempts to date the scrolls still later. Scholars adhering to late dates have resorted to all kinds of devices in order to get rid of the annoying

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evidence from archaeology. The suggestion was made that old jars and ancient linen continued in use for centuries; hardier critics denied the validity of the pottery index to chronology and of the radio-carbon method of dating ancient organic material!

While Zeitlin and Driver were continuing their attacks on the Dead-Sea Scrolls, Burrows, Trever and Brownlee published the Syrian Isaiah, the Habakkuk Commentary, and the Scroll of Discipline (1950-1951). Scores of specialists all over the world now began to work systematically on the new data, with important results.

De Vaux and Harding, toward the end of 1951, dug for several weeks at Khirbet Qumran, a small site less than a mile from the Scroll Cave, finding a building dated by coins to the last century of the Second Temple—that is, the last few generations before A.D. 70. Here was pottery like that of the Scroll Cave. This new evidence led them to reduce their original date—which had been considerably too high—for the sealing of the Scroll Cave, the latest written material found there being now dated in the decades preceding A.D. 70. Sukenik is thus correct in holding that the cave had been used as a *geniza,* the Jewish-Aramaic term for a repository for discarded manuscripts, which Jewish law did not allow to be thrown away because of possible irreverence toward the name of God in written materials.

In January and February, 1952, the French Dominicans cleared several caves south of the Qumran area, which had just been discovered by Bedouin treasure hunters. These caves turned out to contain more fragmentary manuscript remains, but in later script. A marriage contract dated in the seventh year of Hadrian (A.D. 124) confirmed the paleographic indications that the written pieces found in these new caves dated in the main from the second century A.D. Among the most unexpected items were two letters written by Bar Cochba, leader of the Jewish revolt of A.D. 132-135. Since our information about this revolt is exceedingly limited, these documents are naturally of great historical value in themselves, regardless of their significance for Hebrew paleography.

In March, 1952, Père de Vaux and William L. Reed, director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, under-

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took a general survey of still-unexplored caves in the area south of Jericho. Some forty caves were studied, and quantities of pottery and other remains from the period of the Scroll Cave were discovered. The most interesting finds were two thin strips of copper which had been rolled into two rolls for convenience; together they were about eight feet long, with several hundred lines of carved Hebrew writing in columns like a scroll. About a quarter of the text can be seen from the back, and it seems to date from about the time of Christ. The script is identical with that of the Hebrew and Aramaic inscriptions from Jerusalem and the surrounding area in general, and is later than that of the Dead-Sea Scrolls. When it has been unrolled and all the still-unpublished scrolls and fragments are available for study, the controversy about their date is bound to die down rapidly, since the evidence for the original dating proposed by Sukenik and the members of the American group is increasingly overwhelming.

The importance of the Dead-Sea Scrolls for historical and philological studies is very great. The manuscripts of Isaiah and Habakkuk, together with more fragmentary remains of other books of the Hebrew Bible, are about a thousand years older than the earliest previously known Hebrew Biblical (Masoretic) manuscripts. They take us back, therefore, to within a century or two of the time when the Hebrew Bible was translated into Greek by the Seventy (Septuagint version of the Old Testament) in the third and second centuries B.C. They prove there were very few and unimportant changes in the Hebrew text between the Maccabean Age and our printed Bibles. The major discrepancies previously assumed to exist between the Greek and Hebrew Bibles are as a rule, although not always, due to mistakes of the Greek translators or to carelessness on the part of later Greek copyists of the Septuagint text. Now that we know how to judge Greek variations from the Hebrew text, Septuagintal criticism becomes much more solidly established and therefore more genuinely useful than it was before. The repercussions of the new data on all branches of Old Testament interpretation and literary history are very great, and extremely late dates for some Biblical books become impossible to maintain.

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The value of the Dead-Sea Scrolls for inter-testamental and New Testament studies is still greater. We now have original books from the hitherto obscure sect of the Essenes, who rivaled the Pharisees and Sadducees in their influence on Judaism at the time of Christ. It has often in the past been suggested that the Essenes exerted strong direct and indirect influence on the earliest Christians, beginning with the Master and His disciples. This is strikingly confirmed by the content of the newly discovered Essene writings from just before the Christian era. The Gospel of St. John and the Pauline Epistles swarm with parallels to the new scrolls in phraseology and conceptual imagery, and there is much similar material in all the books of the New Testament and the earliest Church, especially the account of the Two Ways in the Teachings of the Apostles. As A. T. Olmstead of Chicago, Erwin Goodenough of Yale, and others, including myself, have recently insisted, the Gospel of St. John is not a product of the early second century A.D., but dates substantially, though not in its present form, from before A.D. 70. This brings with it a revolution in the literary-historical criticism of the New Testament.

The light on the development of Judaism in Hellenistic and Roman times is of the highest significance, and largely explains Zeitlin's objections to using the new documents. For one thing, it has become clear that such books as Enoch, Jubilees (also recovered through Ethiopic manuscripts brought to Europe in the middle decades of the nineteenth century), and the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs in general antedate the Maccabean period; they are thus earlier than supposed by many recent students. It has further become probable that much less Jewish literature had survived from the period between 60 B.C. and A.D. 30 than commonly supposed, and that the new books help fill a painful gap in our documentary sources just before the time of John the Baptist and Jesus. Another important contribution to our knowledge of Jewish history is the new light on the background of the Karaite movement, which arose in the Middle Ages in opposition to orthodox Rabbinic Judaism. In short, all handbooks on the Bible, early Christianity and the history of Judaism will soon be in need of drastic revision.

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The Vatican Appointment

THE FURTHER IMPLICATIONS

LOUIS JOUGHIN

WHEN PRESIDENT TRUMAN, on October 20, 1951, nominated General Mark W. Clark as ambassador to the Vatican, he raised a two-fold question of constitutional action and public policy which continues to be debated with strong feeling and a keen sense of its very considerable import. Can such an appointment be made under the law of the land? If the action is constitutional, would it be a wise one in the light of the probable results abroad and at home? The first of these questions, involving the legal permissive, has been fairly well explored, but, whatever the constitutional answer may be, it is clear that the larger question—that of public policy—demands further attention.

The problem in public policy is difficult and challenging. In the first place, the history of the United States in this type of diplomatic exchange is both scanty and rather inapplicable to the present moment. Second, the experience of other nations who now have diplomatic relations with the Vatican has not been subjected to expert analysis. For these reasons, evaluation of the proposal requires a primarily speculative approach. But, despite the fact that precedent is not very helpful and that any view will contain a large element of prophecy, the job must be done. The matter should not be left entirely to legislators, editors and special pleaders. An objective study (and unmistakable expression of opinion) is also due from American scholars.

The first need is to examine the nature of the act. President Truman proposed that diplomatic relations be established and ambas-

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sadors exchanged between this country and the foreign international headquarters of a major religious denomination. The exchange would most definitely not be between two political entities. The Vatican has at this time no meaning as a state; its territory covers one-sixth of a square mile and embraces one thousand persons. In the *New York Times* of December 24, 1951, Anne O'Hare McCormick states that the Roman Church itself would not wish to consider the exchange as occurring on the political-secular level; Miss McCormick also points out that all present emissaries from other nations at the Vatican are accredited to the Holy See. In the light of these facts it is impossible to accept the definition offered by A. M. Schlesinger, Jr., who refers to the Pope as "a foreign potentate who happens also to be a religious leader." More exactly, the Pope is a religious leader whose claim—if he makes it—to be a foreign potentate in any civil sense is minimal to the point of immaterial fiction.

A second fact for study is the nature of the diplomatic corps in attendance at the Vatican. Representatives of thirty-seven nations are at the Vatican; but, as Paul Blanshard notes, only nineteen of these are ambassadors, and all of this class come from Catholic countries. An American ambassador would be the only representative of his rank from a non-Catholic nation. Mark DeWolfe Howe reminds us that the anomaly would be all the greater in that no other Western nation has gone so far as the United States in its theory of separation between church and state.

The past experience of the United States in this area comprises the exchange of representatives with the Papal States from 1847 to 1867 and the recent ten-year term of Myron Taylor as personal representative of the President. The earlier relationship had elements of political conventionality, since the Papal States included sixteen thousand square miles and three million persons. Our representatives, who eventually were elevated to the rank of minister, were instructed in the dominantly civil nature of their interest and intercourse. Despite the friendliest feelings, differences arose; the ministry lapsed in 1867 because Congress refused to appropriate the needed money. The Taylor assignment is an un-

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known quantity; he was in residence only a small part of the time, and our State Department is said to believe that "no information of substantial value was derived which could not have been obtained in other ways."

Really searching primary investigation is admittedly needed if we are to understand all the meanings of our past representation at the Vatican, but it may be doubted whether the final result would be more than a subordinate aid to the understanding of a future and very different kind of situation.

A final fact is, at this time, obscure. What is the truth of the assertion that an ambassador at St. Peter's would give us an effective tie-in with an expert "reporting system"? Flatly opposed and equally dogmatic statements on this claim have been supported by only the most slender evidence. Something substantial is needed for evaluation, and the burden of offering proof to support the innovation would seem to lie with its proposers.

The unique character of the Vatican as a focal point of power, the exceptional nature of the position in which our ambassador would find himself, and the general irrelevance of our past experience indicate that the American people are confronted by a novel and important proposal. Whether the appointment be right or wrong, wise or foolish, it is difficult to see how Edward S. Corwin, in his letter to the *New York Times* of November 12, 1951, could hold that the President, in making his announcement, "performed an act of state of the most commonplace sort."

The constitutional issue revolves around a possible conflict between two sections of our organic law: first, Article II states that the President "shall nominate, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, shall appoint Ambassadors . . ." and, later, the First Amendment states that Congress "shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion. . . ."

The powers of the President with respect to the appointment of ambassadors are certainly very wide, and the Senate would be obliged to find good reason for questioning his judgment in the creating of a new embassy. As to the Vatican appointment's effecting an establishment of religion, there is first of all the narrow

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view that the constitutional prohibition against Congressional legislation does not apply to executive action. This opinion has a tinge of evasion and legal sophistry; and the recent holding of the Supreme Court in the steel-seizure case might operate to settle this point in terms which are both more realistic and more imaginative. The fundamental emphasis should probably fall on the fact that the First Amendment relates clearly to internal affairs and the ambassador-appointing power to external relations. Formally, the American ambassador in Vatican City would function only as a civil officer serving the civil interests of his country in a foreign place. The ambassador from the Vatican, resident in Washington, would deal formally only with that department of our government which conducts business with foreign interests, and his presence and activity in this country would be subject to all the existing limitations established by protocol.

In the final test the Supreme Court might rule one way or the other, but on the basis of the arguments advanced thus far, it is difficult for one to escape the conclusion that an appointment of this nature would be within the constitutional authority of the President.

We therefore confront the major question: Would the exchange of ambassadors be a wise act in the light of the probable results? What kind of situation will our American representative face at the Papal Court? What will the picture be in the United States?

The traditional give-and-take of diplomacy suggests that close co-operation is possible only when concessions are made on both sides. Although relations with the Vatican may not involve us in a positive action which is alien to our traditional democratic values, it is conceivable that our political idealism may be compromised by painful silences, silences which will be asked as the price of desired information. Evidence of this chance exists in the concessions which the United Nations, advocating a scientific approach to population control through contraceptive education, has had to make to an inflexible religious dogma. The Spanish situation also offers an unpleasant prospect: the Church is unfriendly to Franco, but if the Falange were to be dispossessed by

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the help of the Spanish hierarchy, we might discover that the new ruling force was more completely feudal and anti-democratic than its predecessor.

Professor Corwin suggests that democratic France, adhering "to the separation principle in matters of internal legislation," has found no barrier to exchanging diplomats with the Pope. But it is by no means generally agreed that France has ever achieved a genuine separation. The historical record informs us that the old regime found it necessary to expel the Jesuits; in the 1880's the country practically foundered on the church school issue; in 1951 and at this moment there is a dangerously uneasy truce between French political democracy and the Catholic Church. It would be naive to assume that the diplomatic representative of the Vatican in France does not play a central part in this tense drama.

According to Professor Corwin, Catholic support is needed in Italy, where "our policy promises to be dashed to bits against a combination of Communists and Neutralists." Is it not truer that if our policy has been ineffective—and recent reports suggest that failure is near—the real cause lies in our persistent habit of lining up with social archaism simply because it is decent, and neglecting our only real hope of influence—the giving of generous support to evolving patterns of social and political democracy?

The United States ambassador to the Vatican will suffer from chronic headache. Joseph L. Blau observes that in 1867 there were probably inherent difficulties "in the attempt to maintain diplomatic relations between a freedom-loving nation for which governmental non-interference with religion was a central principle and a sovereign in whom secular and ecclesiastical power were united." In 1952, in an age of sharper ideological conflict, these difficulties become dominant. The ambassadorial head will lie uneasy as it contemplates explaining to America the views of the Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano,* which as recently as 1949 stated that "communism . . . as an economic system, does not run counter to the nature of Christian doctrine as strongly as capitalism," and that capitalism "is atheistic in its structure; gold is its God." The State Department, holding hands with both

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the Vatican and the National Association of Manufacturers, will be in for a frantic twirl. In the meantime, communism will be left relatively free to carry on its realistic program of fundamental subversion.

The domestic scene is likely to develop even more painful and serious dilemmas. Other sects have already indicated uneasiness and a latent sense of outrage. The American Catholic hierarchy, with its double fidelity to native and foreign authority thrown into relief, will suffer increasing embarrassment. Finally, for the general public, new emphasis will be given to the uncongeniality between a system of religious absolutism and a system of individualistic, experimental democracy.

If diplomatic relations are established with the Vatican, other sects may also claim access to the State Department, pointing to their international headquarters—offices less extensive and powerful than those of the Catholic Church, but of evident actuality. If these claims are acknowledged, obviously a remote possibility, our government will be confronted by massive sectarian pressures which may in turn lead to the United States finding itself in a hopeless position as arbiter among competing sects. Or, if the claims are denied, the government will be charged with discriminatory injustice. These are not hypothetical projections; they are a reading of the future in the light of every past experience wherein civil governance has extended privilege—any kind of privilege—to a favored sect.

The bishops of the Catholic Church in America are of course fundamentally American in spirit, yielding only informal and occasional allegiance to their foreign superior in non-spiritual matters. This working arrangement appears to be generally satisfactory to the bishops, and it leaves the parish priest and Catholic layman almost totally unembarrassed. But formal recognition of the Vatican as a foreign power will painfully accentuate an essentially contradictory situation. There will reside in Washington both the President of the Catholic believer's country and the ambassador of the Pope, to whom the believer also owes an ultimate loyalty. The question of registering the bishops as "agents

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of a foreign power" can perhaps be settled by some legal formula; but the intangible lines of authority will often be recognized, and the most patriotic Catholic will feel the divergent stresses.

In all grave policy questions the immediate course of action appears less important as one probes deeper. Principles emerge, and behind the principles one senses the accumulation of painful experience and difficult judgment which makes up the substance of social life. It is therefore both appropriate and inevitable that the Vatican-appointment issue be placed against the ultimate background of the general Catholic problem. The relationship between the immediate decision to be made and the controlling social context can be stated by a final rephrasing of the question: Does America at this time wish to give political status to Catholic thought?

The Pope, in 1947, stated that ". . . the social and economic orders cannot be divorced from the moral, and it is . . . [the Church's] privilege and duty to affirm and proclaim the unchanging principles of morality." In 1948, the Catholic bishops of America announced that our Constitution is founded on natural law, "which is the moral law of God made clear to us. . . ." In 1949, Pius XII said that "The Pope, by divine premise, is, even in his human weakness, invincible and unshakable, herald of truth and justice, and the principle of the unity of the church." On May 19, 1952, the Pope told a group of Italian workers that God's place is "not only in the churches but also in men's hearts, in their minds, in families, in places of work, in the streets, in the municipalities and in the parliaments." Catholicism, in other words, affirms absolutism with respect to the distinction between right and wrong; by doctrine and historical evolution, it claims supreme authority in making that distinction; on these two grounds it rests its right to ultimate judgment and omnipresent action in questions of social morality.

The American separatist tradition stands in sharp contrast. Crèvecoeur noted in 1793 that "the general indulgence leaves everyone to think for himself in spiritual matters; the law inspects our actions; our thoughts are left to God." This is the tradition

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of protestant individualism. In addition, Americans are experimental. Herbert W. Schneider tells us that:

> When a new idea comes to us we project it, semiconsciously, against one historical perspective after another to discover what meanings or significance it may acquire when placed in various contexts. After a series of experiments in interpretation, we discover how and where the new idea can best be used and assimilated.

And in 1947, Henry Steele Commager gave these traditions succinct expression:

> These two principles are the very core of Americanism: the principle of the Higher Law, or of obedience to the dictates of conscience rather than of statutes, and the principle of pragmatism, or the rejection of a single good and of the notion of a finished universe.

In the light of this opposition between two ways of thought, it is inevitable that the Catholic Church should be categorically opposed to important American practices: disputes are frequent over matters of censorship, marital relations and education. A single example will suffice. The Church instructs Catholic judges to apply the specific dogma of their faith to the consideration of divorce cases. This dogma is to be operative both in actions where the parties are Catholic and in those where the parties are of other faiths. This extraordinary fusion of religious belief and civil law is of course completely hostile to American custom.

The implications of diplomatic exchange with the Vatican are serious and foreboding. The least danger to be anticipated is a fruitless and irritating alliance of courtesy with an intrinsically undemocratic power—one which, unlike Soviet Russia, is operative throughout the land and complicatedly involved in every phase of American life. The greater and not improbable danger is that countless issues which have been solved in terms of their fundamentally secular quality will become colored by the bitter divisiveness of religious controversy.

Many Americans are opposed to a Vatican embassy because they sense the likelihood of most unhappy consequences. The Protestants and Jews of the country have, of course, their own special sense of injustice. It would be wise for Catholics also to

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examine the proposal with a clear mind, in order to determine whether they will finally gain or lose by such a course. The priests and bishops of the Catholic Church are men of reason and judgment; even by the light of their own ultimate goal—the conversion of all of us to their form of Christian faith—they might correctly determine that the wisest procedure is not to emphasize the difference between their concept of the social order and the tradition of a civil democracy.

It has been stated that the establishment of diplomatic relations with the Holy See does not in itself constitute the establishment of a religion within the United States. This is true. It is also true that the date witnessing an exchange of ambassadors may well inaugurate a train of circumstances which will clearly and distressingly involve the prohibition of the First Amendment. The United States cannot give signal recognition to the political aspect of a church without conveying to all of us the idea that church and state are less separate than we have believed them to be under the Constitution.

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Snow: Theme with Variations

MELVILLE CANE

AT THE MOMENT OF CREATION one is often unaware of the role played by the unconscious; for all that, behind the wings it dominates the stage. It chooses the theme from its inexhaustible store, thrusts it up to the surface and insists on its expression. It may be only long after the poem has been written that in retrospect one discovers the hidden predilections which have demanded to be released, recognized and made manifest in an aesthetic form.

Each one of us has his own favorite themes in this way predetermined. They bear the stamp of his personal imagery.

In my own case, as I re-read poems written during the past thirty years, I am confronted with the frequency with which I write about snow. I've preserved a dozen or so of such pieces, and no two duplicate each other, whether in the approach to the subject matter or in the technical treatment.

I suppose it all goes back to that pristine experience when a child in wide-eyed wonderment contemplates for the first time a sky suddenly alive with white particles whirled from nowhere, flying, drifting, floating in air and at last soundlessly covering the earth. The miracle somehow becomes incorporated in the infant psyche, never to lose its magic, to be vividly fed with each fresh snowfall to the end of one's days.

At least so it has been with me. And so it is that as the snows pile up year after year in the imagination which preserves them against melting into forgetfulness, they form a deep, indelible body of material for anyone attracted by the marvel and disposed to interpret its enchantment.

I've just written of "white particles whirled from nowhere."

✪ MELVILLE CANE, lawyer and poet, has contributed articles, fiction and verse to leading magazines. He is the author of *January Garden, Behind Dark Spaces* and *Poems: New and Selected.* All poems quoted here are taken from *A Wider Arc,* published by Harcourt, Brace & Company in 1947.

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Perhaps I have too rashly assumed how it appears to a child first meeting with the mystery. It may well be otherwise. My own fantasy at the non-infantile age of forty-five conjured up both a locus and a source in

Snow Toward Evening

Suddenly the sky turned gray,
The day,
Which had been bitter and chill,
Grew soft and still.
Quietly
From some invisible blossoming tree
Millions of petals cool and white
Drifted and blew,
Lifted and flew,
Fell with the falling night.

This brief lyric has been frequently reprinted in anthologies for children, and whatever popularity it may have won I attribute largely to the fact that the image of a tree with white petals instinctively and acceptably appeals to the sensibilities of a growing child watching it snow.

As I re-examine the snow poems I find that, although they originated from many moods and even at different levels of the imagination, their dominant note is almost always benign. This can perhaps best be illustrated by these four lines, not from a snow poem but from one called "White Fog":

Bury deep the black world
Underneath the white.

Nothing can be seen,
Everything grows clear.

Snow similarly becomes a symbol of peace and illumination, transcending the pain, the turmoil and the despair of man's pilgrimage in the world of reality. As the flakes gather, organize and patiently descend, they develop a mystical power of conquest; weightless, they nevertheless overcome the adverse forces of earth with secret strength. And as we witness the spectacle we un-

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dergo a change in our own psyche; we have loosened our mundane adhesions and have arrived at a state of release.

Before proceeding to a fuller discussion of the benign and mystical properties I ascribe to snow, I should like to contrast them with my feeling toward nature when it is locked in ice. Whereas snow in most cases stands for affirmation and life, ice usually represents negation and death. I draw this conclusion from two poems, "January Garden" and "Deep in Wagon-Ruts."

Deep in wagon-ruts
Blue frost settles.
Crystal lilies
With silver petals
Whiten blue pools.
Shadows
On stiffened meadows
Spread blue the snow.
A last quiver,—
The strangled river
Glazes ice-blue.

Here I started out to write a simple imagist poem. The eye is focused on the object; the senses are enlisted to note the natural operation that produces frost, with its prevailing colors of silver and blue. But as the lines proceed, a subjective element creeps in. The poem is no longer merely or purely pictorial; it begins to acquire the overtones of a personal point of view. This added constituent is introduced by "shadows on stiffened meadows," which, at least for me, conveys a sense of sadness. It forecasts the final three lines with their description of a death scene in nature. The choice of the lurid words "quiver," "strangled" and "glazes" illustrates how a mood of gloom has taken possession and converted what set out to be a fragment of visual observation into something beyond the sensory.

"January Garden" is born of the same instinctive attitude, although here it is held throughout. The cold is "insidious" in its inexorable iciness; indeed, it is the personification of death sealing "the flower-border like a grave."

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The poem is hopeless and quite the opposite of Shelley's intimation that if Winter comes, Spring cannot be far behind. Stanza by stanza, it advances to emphasize the implacable grip of a malign agency over life and beauty as they flourished in spring and summer.

Take a sharp pick,
Break the harsh thick
Wintry metal;
Once you might have found
Springing through the ground
What goes to shape a petal.

The poem concludes on a note of utter, even macabre finality:

Beauty's womb
Is now a tomb
For frozen worms.

I have placed these ice and snow poems in contiguity not merely for the sake of contrast but also to indicate how poems of completely irreconcilable states of feeling may germinate according to the mood and circumstance of any given moment in one's life.

Now I desire to return more faithfully to my subject, which is the consideration of my snow poems and their variety.

The "earthiest" poem of the lot is called "Last Night It Snowed." It's the only one about snow in the city and most closely resembles "Deep in Wagon-Ruts," in that both derive primarily from sensation. In "Wagon-Ruts" the approach is through the eye; the city poem is based on sound, and the sense impressions are recorded on and by the ear.

The situation presented in "Last Night It Snowed" is one with which I have been happily familiar ever since as a child I came from the country to live in New York. It too, like "Snow Toward Evening," is touched off by a quiet current of enchantment. The enchantment is created through the transition, while one is asleep, from one world to another. One goes to bed unprepared for any weather changes, but is shaken out of sleep the following morning by the delightful information, conveyed by the sound of shovels and picks, that there's a fresh fall of snow.

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I know that the practical person will smile at my cheerful acceptance of the event. His reaction will most likely be to curse the elements for a state of affairs involving the need of galoshes, the breakdown of transportation service and the threat of influenza. Eventually I too shall be coming down to earth, or rather to slush and sleet; indeed I have already disturbed the spell with the recognition that this heaven-sent purity will yield to corruption and turn into "wintry dregs." Meantime I shall have enjoyed the flavor of my experience at awakening, with its other-world magic.

"Last Night It Snowed," to repeat, is primarily an experiment with sound effects; I reproduce it here by way of illustration:

Dent! dent!
Hollow, blunt
Din of eager shovels, cracking
The warm husk of sleep, breaking
Open day.

Dent! dent!
Clipped chant
Of iron cuts
The knit air,
Chips a clear
Powdery way
In airy snow,
In earthy snow;
Hits
The case
Of ice at the base;
Splits
And severs, flesh from bone,
Ice from stone.

Dent! scrape!
Dent! scrape
Wintry dregs
From city flags.

From a consideration of sound effects in "Last Night It Snowed" I turn to an investigation of snow in motion. The question I asked myself was but incompletely answered in the next poem, "Hither

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and Thither"; it was whether, above the seeming fitfulness of falling snow, there exists an underlying pattern, a basic order in control of these shifting particles drawn by changing winds.

I believe the concept originated in this fashion: I knew that each single flake formed a unit of crystal symmetry. From that premise my imagination began to play with the thought that these perfect units, when assembled, must constitute and create a perfect structure in the large. Obviously the concept could not be confirmed by physical, scientific proof. It led me into the expanse of metaphysics. In short, the outer eye, observing the flight of flakes, could discover no general plan of operation, could take in only a scene of beauty without apparent purpose or meaning. But the inner eye, dissatisfied and seeking further, persisted in the conviction of an underlying design.

How this conviction developed to the point of concrete verbal expression one may discern in the poem as presented here.

Hither and Thither

The way of snow is hither and thither,
The restless way of to and fro,
Impatient of the fixed, the mean,
Too accurate law, the strict machine.

The way of snow is hither and thither,
The twisting way of criss and cross;
Needles ply, the fluent threads
Gather and join; the wonder spreads.

The way of snow is hither and thither,
The fitful way of slant and stray;
It spins a cloth of powdery spume,
Wind's the shuttle, sky the loom.

The way of snow is hither and thither,
The floating way of drift and lift.
Perceive
The flaky weave!
Divine
The white design!

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I have never felt that "Hither and Thither" did complete justice to the metaphysical concept; it lacks, I fear, the necessary reach into the unknown, the transcendent imaginative stretch. But it is an attempt, at least, to set forth the ocular experience against its deeper implications.

It was one of the most difficult and obstinate compositions I ever undertook. Unfortunately, since I failed to save the many abortive beginnings and discarded versions, I am unable to throw much light on the obstacles. The essential problem, however, was to present the wayward effects of wind-blown snow and at the same time by suggestion and inference to build up and make plausible the possibility of an underlying "white design." Perhaps the most helpful factor was the choice of the line, repeated at the beginning of each stanza—"The way of snow is hither and thither"—against the image of spinning and weaving a texture, a philosophical fabric, as it were.

Whereas "Hither and Thither" sought to discover a general, all-embracing pattern, "April Flurry" created out of a subjective state of being an objective picture, with emphasis rather on the separate flakes than on the mass.

April Flurry

This tardy April blast
Is winter's final thrust;
It cannot master
Or halt invincible spring,
But only bluster
And scatter and drive
Out of a cloudy hive
A swarm benign.

White bees,
Without hum, without sting,
Drift through boughs of pine.
Directionless they rove,
And unintentioned, these,—
Freed
Of any
Flowery greed,
Incurious of honey.

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My own physical and psychological condition at the time throws light on the quiet mood and gentle pace of "April Flurry." It was written in our home at Westport, Connecticut, where I was spending a brief convalescence after an operation. The break in my regular life necessitated by hospital confinement had induced a state of irresponsibility and removal from routine compulsion, a state which became increasingly acceptable with returning strength and the realization that I could for a few more days indulge myself in comfortable recuperation. This period was one of inward peace and unconcern.

One day, from my bedroom window, I beheld the first crocuses and a stirring of new green over the grass. And then, with no advance notice of weather change, a breeze blew up and let fall a loose load of snow. Quickly the wind ceased, the sun came out again, while the casual flakes lingered—meandered, one might say—in and about the low pines. Their tempo and indifference, corresponding with my own sense of letting go, produced quite the opposite effect by arousing me to record the scene. It was the first return to the creative life, as almost without effort I set down the little poem with technical pleasure in working out the combinations of near-rhymes and in finding the image of the white bees, so mild and unthreatening.

"April Flurry" illustrates once more my earlier observation that for me the sight of snow is benign.

The only exception to this concept of benignity, an exception which vanishes as the poem progresses, is to be found in my other spring snow song.

Snow in April

Sun is young in the year,
April is tender,
Pink tips appear
On branches slender.
Brown earth, stiff with cold,
Loosens green and gold.

Silver shine in the sky
Darkens to leaden;

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SNOW: THEME WITH VARIATIONS

Snarling winds fly,
Shrivel and deaden.
Snow-armies crush
Bough and bud and bush.

Venturous spring!
And, for what reason
This sorrowful thing—
Throttling a season?
Chilling in birds their song,
Choking the song?

Perilous birth!
Too early hour!
Detain, under earth,
Each delicate flower.
Winter must lengthen
Spring to strengthen!

Cover with white;
Green blades whiten.
On jonquil-gold spread winter-white;
The opening soil tighten.
Shelter, restrain the spring!
Till sky and sod and robins sing.

Here, near the outset and down through the first sections, the aspect of snow is one of destruction and evil. My sympathies go out to the life and beauty of the awakening, flowery season, caught unaware and still too lacking in strength to resist the attack of a late and unexpected wintry enemy. The images are those of warfare and cruelty, "snow-armies," "throttling," "choking," "chilling" (the equivalent of "killing"). Accompanying winds are "snarling"; they "shrivel and deaden." No sun shines; skies are "leaden."

But once my anger over this violation, this infamy, has been spent, a new and contrary mood takes possession. Negation and death no longer prevail. I come to grips with them, capture the enemy, as it were, and make him do my bidding. The crushing menace becomes transformed into an instrument of protective love, a sheltering blanket. So the poem closes with the unmistak-

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able intimation that the battle for survival has been won.

Of all my snow poems the one I regard as most imaginative is

Presence of Snow

So rare, so mere,
You cannot hear
It brush against the stillness or impair
With faintest stir
The poised, suspended air.

So rare, so mere,
And yet imponderably clear;
You cannot see, yet see
The secret flow
Of immanent snow,
Although
The softest breath has yet to free,
The gentlest current yet to take
The first bewildered flake.

Paradoxically it is most imaginative despite the absence of a single concrete image until we encounter in the very last line "The first bewildered flake."

I find certain affinities between "Presence of Snow" and "Snow Toward Evening." In both, the mood is one of hushed expectancy, of undetermined pendency. In both we are dealing with an atmospheric state which ultimately crystallizes in a definite form. In "Snow Toward Evening" we have the larger image, an "invisible blossoming tree" shedding its petals; in "Presence of Snow" the image is a single "bewildered flake."

The dominant note in both pieces is that of immanence; I use the word as an adjective in "Presence of Snow" to express this sense of indwelling. (When the poem was first published, a well-meaning type-setter had changed "immanent" to "imminent," an unwelcome act of collaboration.)

"Presence of Snow," written many years later than "Snow Toward Evening," as I see the matter in retrospect, really issues out of the earlier poem as a more subtle development of the common

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theme. The choice of such adjectives as "rare" and "mere" in the first line, and repeated later, is intended to suggest a region of unearthliness, a climate of transcendent purity. The suggestion is heightened and carried forward more intricately than in "Snow Toward Evening" by the soft "r" sound in the rhymes of "hear," "impair," "stir," "air," "clear."

The intention is to create a pre-elemental condition, or perhaps an intimation in advance of the physical fact of actual snow. In seeking to create the requisite suspense as well as to lead up to the denouement, I found that by using the open sounds of "see" and "free," "flow," "snow" and "although," I was establishing phonetically an avenue of transmission from the immaterial to the material, culminating in a single apprehensible, visible flake.

Such are the various poems that represent my feeling for snow. Others may still follow.

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..... Under Whatever Sky .....

IRWIN EDMAN

The Other Day

It takes an American a little while to get used to the fact that when an Englishman says "the other day" he may mean anything from six months to six years ago. It is part of the long and affable tradition of understatement in that unhysteric island.

But "the other day" is a notoriously vague term, as vague as one's memories of the past. Geologically, of course, a hundred thousand years is only yesterday, and astronomically a million light years is not very long ago. Charles Darwin, the grandson of the great zoologist, assures us that the human race has just been celebrating its millionth birthday, and envisages the next million years, the earlier ones of which, anyway, will be earlier than we think.

Stop watches are very impressive with their exact demarcations of time, and so are second hands on large watches on which one can watch the time go slowly by. Colloquial language is properly less exact. And "only the other day," taken in a wide historical perspective, may restore the perspective of things which too close attention to stop watches and second hands may destroy. For it was, on any philosophical calendar, only the other day that man became a tool-making animal. It was only yesterday that he began to think scientifically—only a moment ago that he invented the modern world of steam and electricity—only an instant ago that he split the atom.

Who knows? Any moment now man may become just and reasonable and bring about a just society and a peaceful one. To the wide-ranging imagination it may not be long now.

General Collapse

The foundations of the world are always collapsing about us, and the general pulverization begins in very early childhood. Perhaps it begins the first time we see an adult bewildered, lost and helpless, the shocked early discovery that adults are not omnipotent, are certainly not dependable, or in the words of one of Edna St. Vincent Millay's early poems, "die or move away." These human solidities continue to crash, to shatter, to vanish all our lives, and our reliances are constantly betrayed. Anybody knows this who has ever been part of a university, or of a family. It is not simply that children discover the follies of their parents or elders, but feel, often quite unexpectedly to themselves, a bleakness when those foolish parents or elders are no longer there.

People, as they used to say of ladies of a certain age, begin to note in the obituary column that the panjandrums of the world are disappearing, the captains and kings of their generation are going. The world, one says, intending a compliment, will never know their like again. It is all very well to say to oneself that that aging old cove to whom one has so long turned, as to a perpetual uncle, was not really so wise as we in our youth had thought—that he had, indeed, of late grown tiresome and repetitious. But even the repetitions had become part of one's world, and now they are gone. And as for one's contemporaries who are beginning to have the mannerisms, if not the substance, of wisdom, it is, of course, impossible to take them seriously.

It's These Daydreamers Who Clutter Up the Traffic

The taxi driver was incensed. He had been trying to pass a car for as much as two minutes, and when he did finally do so, he observed the driver, who, immune to imprecation, seemed to be contentedly dawdling along in a twenty-mile-an-hour reverie.

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"It's these daydreamers who clutter up the traffic," he said. "There isn't any place for them on city streets."

I thought of Arthur O'Shaughnessy with his "dreamers of dreams," I thought of Walter de La Mare and of Novalis and of A. E. and of the fabricators of utopias, and the spinners of Arabian nights' entertainments—and of how little place there was for any such interruptive idlers in the modern world.

It is all very well to protest that there are by-products to daydreaming. Utopia becomes a city in the sky, in the vision of which, as Socrates suggested, men rebuild their earthly cities. It may be a justification that, incident to daydreams, some happily practical thought emerges: some speculation or abstract equation produced the internal combustion engine, whose impatient chauffeurs now wish to banish daydreamers from the roads of progress.

It might be an interesting enterprise to demonstrate the reverse hypothesis. It is the practical men who have gummed up the works, who have made it impossible to have a federation of mankind, a society of justice or a world at peace. Someday there may be a law against practical men who clutter up the progress of the world with their narrow nearsightedness, their cautious crawling, their sudden stops and sudden spurts. But there I go daydreaming myself.

The Retort Obvious

"But why didn't you say . . .?" one's friends ask when one reports some gross impertinence, some unjust sally, some provincial dogma which, in each instance, merited a crushing rejoinder, but one that would have been all the more crushing for being witty. Invariably one's friends think with the greatest promptitude of what it had taken one hours of infuriated frustration to have thought of at all. There are in cities, anyway, not many stairways on which to have that belated repartee which the French call *esprit de l'escalier*. But in the self-service elevator, in the subway, in a taxi, one has time to ruminate on all that one might have said and didn't.

"Then you must know my good friend Irwin Edman," a gentleman in a London club recently said to me. People have since then told me a hundred things I might have said instead of bursting out in simple astonishment that I *was* Irwin Edman.

As one reads the fabulous accounts of people who, mostly in the eighteenth century, had epigrams of riposte always ready, the notion gradually comes to awareness that perhaps it is just as well not to try.

"There *must* be a reply to that," it is possible to say, "if only I could think of it." Perhaps it is wisest of all simply to say, "How true," or—like Socrates' interlocutors—simply "Yes," or—like the Englishman not prone to commitment—nothing more than "Really," or, with a slightly raised eyebrow, "Oh, do you think so?" The mere inflection of a word can do as much as an aphorism; the shrug of the shoulders, the deprecating wave of the hand, as much as the most withering retort. And these can be improvised far more promptly than words.

Liberation—at Eight and Eighty

There is something of curiously similar relief and assuagement in talking, preferably not too long, with the very young or the very old. In an oddly similar way, both those whose lives are only beginning and those whose days are almost over seem detached. The very young have no perspective; the very old, when they are at all wise, have the perspective of eternity. To the child, now is forever; to the aged, timelessness has already begun.

How suddenly irrelevant seem one's adult preoccupations when one is talking with a small child. The great world issues, the large adult worries are not his, and suddenly our whole grown-up set of urgencies has collapsed. There are no words simple enough to explain why what is bothering us is important; and because it is impossible to explain it, for the time being the things that plague us are annulled. An hour's conversation with a six-year-old child is enough to annihilate temporarily the acuteness and urgency of those affairs, public and private, in which we are engaged.

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Creeping socialism or galloping reaction, Russia or Iran, the burden of taxation, the collapse of humanism—what is this to Junior, or Junior to this, that he should weep for it?

In the same way, an assuagement comes from conversation with the very old. One hesitates to talk too much with the aged about the future. It seems indelicate to broach matters that concern a time they will never see, one whose worries are not really their affair.

Forgetting how precarious life is at any period, one says with smug assurance, "When I retire . . ." or "Twenty years from now I expect to see. . . ." Or one is much more immersed in the present than the old —attached to it, as they are, by a very slender thread. They may have a spectator's interest in one's own doings, plans or ambitions; but one detects, even in their cordial inquiries, a sense that they see things at one remove, and regard our current fevers, our immediate preoccupations as not quite on an adult level. At eighty or ninety they have said good-bye to all that, as they will soon be saying good-bye to everything.

To the child, tomorrow is too distant to be seriously entertained; to the elderly it is too improbable and almost inconceivable. It is a great sedative to have to speak with the little tots of the instants that have no shadow of past or future, or with the old of the present moment only, or of events so long ago that they, too, are out of this world of anxiety and concern. From neither the subject matter nor the temper of one's still active adult contemporaries does one get such solace.

Memorial Note: Donald A. Stauffer

What saddens one not least in the news of the death of someone one knows and whom one has admired is that the sorrow is more than merely personal. There are certain persons in the world who seem while they are alive to be assurances that certain values are still living, certain humane citadels defended, certain beloved themes still kept current in a time when all that is good or beautiful is precarious and threatened. This is peculiarly one's feeling when one reads of the death of someone one has known long and wishes that one had known better.

To a very wide circle Donald Stauffer's death must have evoked such sentiments. I came to know him mostly as a fellow-members of the Editorial Board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Otherwise I knew him by his humane and understanding writings on poetry. One day last summer in Lausanne, reading quite unexpectedly of his death, I felt the shock of learning that a voice, strong, firm and gentle, had been silenced and an emissary and revealer of good things, stilled. I wanted to say this to people who might well have felt the same way. There must be many such among the readers of these pages.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *regularly carries miscellaneous comments by readers on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *Phi Beta Kappa Hall, Williamsburg, Va., and should not exceed 300 words in length except on request. Because of limitations of space, the Editors cannot guarantee to print all letters received. Letters intended for publication in the Spring number should be received by January 15.*

—EDITOR.

Social Science: Good and Bad

Mr. Merton's comments on the symposium "Scientific Method and Human Behavior" [AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Summer, 1952] must have delighted many of your readers, though social science could stake its apparently meager reputation on making a prediction as to the type of reader who will have been annoyed by it. Since I know from daily experience, as well as from social research, how great the danger is of slipping into intellectual agreement with statements which enchant by their wit and sophistication, I wish to present a point of disagreement with Merton's reply.

Merton takes issue with the *accusation* that social scientists are "primarily motivated in their work by wanting to change a great variety of things, that they are moved by utilitarian ends, that they want to remake the world in accord with their own tacit values." He suggests that "this may have been the case, long before disciplined social research had fairly begun"; and later on he adds that "perhaps what is needed is a social science inquiry into this hypothesis about the motivations of living social scientists." The reader is left to infer that Mr. Merton feels confident that the original statement in the symposium could be refuted, and that he would himself be suspicious of social scientists whose motives in undertaking social science as a vocation were related to their wish to improve our not-perfect world. While I agree with Mr. Merton that the vast majority of contemporary social scientists are probably not so motivated, I fail to share his obvious pride in this matter. Like every other science, social science must be judged by its results, and its procedures must be appraised by the canon of scientific method. The motivation of the scientist for choosing a particular subject matter for work is his own private business. Unless it can be demonstrated that he has failed as a scientist, he is welcome to any motive—curiosity, ambition, the wish to destroy human happiness, greed for money, competitiveness, and even the wish to improve the world.

To be sure, the scientist's motivation may play havoc with his work. But this is as much of a danger when he is motivated by the wish to confirm his favorite "pure" theory as when he wishes to apply his results toward social problems. I cannot see why the latter motive should have more disastrous consequences than the former. There is good social science and bad social science. It is not necessarily bad through virtue of being motivated by a concern for the social problems of our time, nor necessarily good because it is "pure."

MARIE JAHODA
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A Masterly Summation

Professor George J. Becker wrote a masterly summation of the significance of Sinclair Lewis [AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Autumn, 1952]. His judgment has helped me in my own understanding of the artist.

I should like to make two comments and must quote two sentences in order to do so: "Tyranny is one and the same, whether it

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be the mediocrity of the village, the stultifying gregariousness of the herd, the privileged exclusiveness of the institution, the snobbish imitation of the hallowed and esoteric, or a dogmatism whose means are the antithesis of its ends. Perhaps Lewis should have learned this sooner, so that he might have begun where, in fact, his thought came to an end."

I cannot believe that Professor Becker really means what this second sentence states. After all, the artist can only come to the maturity of his thinking when he comes to the fullness of his own personal growth. He is not born to his maturity, full panoplied from the brain of Zeus.

My second comment is a question. When we try to establish a perspective toward Lewis the artist, why don't we see immediately that we must judge him as the American Dickens? The heavy burden of social propaganda in Dickens has been kept alive for all time by the saving grace of his humor, by the greatness of the comic spirit in him. Does Lewis as an artist have enough greatness of comic spirit to carry his own burden of social propaganda?

Thank you again for the splendid article.

ARTHUR HERMAN WILSON
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Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania

Chambers: Theatrical Saint?

The judgment pronounced by Robert Raynolds on Chambers' *Witness* in the Autumn, 1952, issue of this journal suggests doubts.

Chambers develops a crusading, either-or mentality. Both as Communist and anti-Communist he is an absolutist and a devout believer in an inevitable course of history, upward or downward. Even if it be granted that first-rate sinning fosters insights, it may also develop blindness—a kind of mind which is unable to distinguish and appraise the diverse currents of the great society, some of which possibly may not be devices of the devil. To such a mind all is calamity, and nothing much can be done—except to introspect a sick soul, weep and pray.

There is another variety of "saintliness," less theatrical, found in such personalities as Emerson, Jane Addams and Schweitzer. They have courage and depth, but their "innerness" does not bar them from accurate knowledge of the state of mankind and the will to make it better. They, as well as Chambers, have spiritual quality and intensity of purpose, and they are not scared by the rhetoric of the neo-fundamentalists who scorn anyone that insists upon the validity of the ancient terms "perfectibility" and "progress," critically defined.

No—Chambers is not a reliable witness and guide in this day of trouble.

ERNEST L. TALBERT
University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

A Good Thing for the Devil

I have long regarded THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR as the leading intellectual magazine in the potpourri of current periodicals. The article by Professor William Powell Jones in the Spring, 1952, number has caused my present adverse critical attitude of mind. Professor Jones aimed to make the writings of James Joyce more intelligible for the average reader. Although aware of such works, I had not found time to explore them. Under the spell of this article I read *Ulysses* from cover to cover. Never in my long career as student and teacher had I been so submerged with filth. I had studied and taught the Greek and Latin languages and literatures, where there are some shady passages. The second of Horace's *Epistles* is notoriously obscene. As a youngster I had strayed across the tracks and learned much of the underground lingo, which maturity crowded into the background. Joyce, however, seems never to have grown up. He remained "mewling and puking in [his] nurse's arms," and gurgling nastiness.

A brilliant young theological student once asked the president of his academic alma mater if writing a history of Manichaeism would be a good thing. "Yes," was

(Continued on page 125)

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..... The Revolving Bookstand .....

Days of Innocence

SAM CLEMENS OF HANNIBAL. By Dixon Wecter. *Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1952. 335 pp. $4.00.*

Reviewed by GEORGE W. MEYER

Mark Twain always knew that he and the cosmos were in right tune, that some kind of benevolent premeditation governed his existence. Halley's Comet shone with extraordinary brilliance in 1835, the year of his birth; it did not reappear until 1910, the year of his death. He had been sure it would turn out this way: "I came in with the Comet," he said, "and I shall go out with the Comet." Tutelary spirits saw him through a sickly childhood (his mother was afraid he would not survive), presided over his rescue from drowning in the waters of Bear Creek six times, and permitted him to grow up in Hannibal, Missouri. These friendly powers are still at work. Now they control the selection of Mark Twain's biographers and see to it that rich and readable books are written about the man who, of all American authors, has given the greatest pleasure to his readers.

Sam Clemens of Hannibal, by Dixon Wecter, literary editor of the Mark Twain estate from 1946 until his untimely death in 1950, is a monumental work of scholarship whose every page will be read with delight. The first part of a projected multivolume biography that now unfortunately can never be finished by the competent hands which began it, this book is the definitive study of Mark Twain's formative years, the period between 1835 and 1853. The focus, as the title suggests, is on young Sam and the town of Hannibal, to which he came with his family from the "almost invisible" neighboring hamlet of Florida in 1839. In a superb job of historical re-creation Wecter brings to life again the busy Mississippi village of a century ago, fills its streets with the flesh and blood prototypes of characters immortalized in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn,* and in the center of this gaudy scene places the restless, sensitive, red-headed boy who became one of the world's great men of letters. To achieve the utmost possible authenticity, Wecter scorned no task, however tedious or trivial. Newspaper files, census reports, the court records in four states, deed books, order books, will books, bankruptcy files, and tombstones covered with moss—no conceivable source of information, no stone (certainly no tombstone) was left unturned that might help to explain the complex miracle of heredity and environment that produced Mark Twain.

"The truth is my books are simply autobiographies," said Twain in 1886. This of course was exaggeration. Since then biographers have tried to determine just what was exaggeration and how much was truth. So far as Hannibal is concerned—and no other source seems to matter much—Wecter has settled the question once and for all. All recoverable facts he presents, as he reveals more completely than anyone else ever has the bedrock of reality on which Twain's greatest books were founded. This leads him to conclude that "Mark Twain's genius always swung like a compass toward his fourteen years' childhood and adolescence in Hannibal." We are shown that Hannibal was to Mark Twain what the lakes and hills of northern England were to William Wordsworth: "The anchor of [his] purest thoughts, the nurse, / The guide, the guardian of [his] heart, and soul / Of all [his] moral being." And yet the miracle and the mystery remain. How did this unpromising, somnambulistic son of an austere and bank-

✪ GEORGE W. MEYER is professor of English and head of the department at Sophie Newcomb College of Tulane University.

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To be published December 15, 1952

JOHN McMILLAN

The Apostle of Presbyterianism in the West, 1752–1833. $3.00.

by Dwight Raymond Guthrie, *Harbison Professor of Bible, Grove City College*

Dr. Guthrie has written the first full and detailed biography of John McMillan, "the apostle of Presbyterianism in the Western Country." His book is scholarly and it is alive.

The biography begins with the historical background of the "Scotch-Irish," those sturdy pioneers who with church and school held the line in the Western Country against the forces of savagery and evil. With homes and academies and churches they blazed the wilderness trail west, and in their own rude kitchens taught pioneer farm boys Greek and Latin and the Word of God.

The book is a comprehensive, interesting, and vivid account of one of the most colorful and influential leaders in the great push of American civilization beyond the Alleghenies. An abundance of source material was made available to the author by McMillan descendants, depository libraries, and historians. McMillan's journals, expense accounts, letters, lectures, sermons, memoirs of his friends, contemporary newspaper articles, court and college records, minutes of the Donegal, New Castle, Redstone, and Ohio Presbyteries, minutes of the Synods of New York and Philadelphia, of Virginia, and of Pittsburgh, minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in America are the backbone of the book.

The reader will know McMillan's parents, his brothers and sisters, his wife and children, his teachers and schoolmates at Pequea, Fagg's Manor, and Princeton, his friends and neighbors, his associates in the ministry and in the councils of the Church. He will follow McMillan's life of service as it grows and prospers, over pioneer trails, back and forth from parish to parish, from community to community, west from the Brandywine to the Allegheny and south from Pittsburgh to Natural Bridge, Virginia.

It is the story of McMillan, the man of God who "blew the Gospel trumpet" for nearly seventy years; a politician wise in defense of the law and in frontier affairs like the Whiskey Rebellion; a patriarch of descendants scattered now throughout the nation and beyond; a founder of Washington Academy and Jefferson College—a foremost missionary, minister, and educator of the Presbyterian Church in the early nineteenth century.

John McMillan's days were the early days in the making of a great nation; the simple basic values of honesty and thrift and goodness he defended, and the courage with which he defended them, are still our nation's greatest strength.

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rupt father grow up in the violence and brutality of Hannibal in the 1840's and eventually become a literary genius whose specialty was humor?

Wecter cannot explain this, nor can anyone else. He can only tell us what happened, not why or how. In a sense his book is an overflow from the great works, a set of marvelously contrived footnotes and appendices to *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn.* He sets us down among the living raw materials with which Sam Clemens spent his time, the materials which Mark Twain remembered, rejected, transformed, or refused to touch at all when he made his works of art. We heat the water with Sam's mother so that the excess kittens may drown in comfort. From the doorway of the Clemens house we witness the cold-blooded murder of "Uncle Sam" Smarr by the merchant William Owsley, who could tolerate no longer the old man's profane abuse. We climb to the top of Holliday's Hill where the Millerites, wearing ascension robes for to go to heaven in, gathered in 1844 to wait for the stars to fall and the firmament to split. From this same eminence Sam Clemens and Will Bowen pushed the great boulder that bounced over a cart and demolished a cooper's shop in the town below. We learn with horror of young Ratcliff, the religious maniac who lived chained and naked in an outhouse, who was fed through a hole, and who, despite every precaution, secured a hatchet with which he chopped off his sinful left hand. We hear again Uncle Ned's story of the Golden Arm, and almost laugh our remaining teeth out with Jimmy McDaniel, the confectioner's son, the one-man audience who listened to Sam Clemens' maiden effort to tell a humorous tale—a real one about Jim Wolfe and the tomcats at Pamela Clemens' candy pull. And when we have finished reading of Jimmy Finn, with the "nose like a mildewed cauliflower"; of a real Injun Joe, who lived in a hollow sycamore and wore a red wig; and of the Cadets of Temperance, crusaders against nicotine, expectoration and the whittling of benches in church, we are infinitely grateful to Dixon Wecter. We remember our days of innocence, and we understand why Mark Twain wrote as he did in 1900 to the widow of Will Bowen: "I should greatly like to re-live my youth, and then get drowned. I should like to call back Will Bowen and John Garth and the others, and live the life, and be as we were, and make holiday until 15, then all drown together."

Chronicle of Destruction

THE MAN ON A DONKEY. By H. F. M. Prescott. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 1952. 631 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by Oscar James Campbell

This is one of the best of English historical novels written in many years. Its author, both a distinguished historian and a sensitive literary artist, has brought to vivid life the time of the reign of Henry VIII, when England was driven from Roman Catholicism to Protestantism. In politics it was a time of violence. In the minds of thousands of individuals it was a time of conflict between loyalty to their King and loyalty to their Church. It is this tragic era which Miss Prescott has brilliantly re-created.

Her method is original. She has written the chronicles of five persons of widely different social stations and political importance, showing how the life of each becomes involved in the savage conflicts which culminate in the ill-starred Pilgrimage of Grace, the insurrection of the North directed against the sinister Cromwell and his policy of despoiling the religious houses.

The most important of these five individuals is Master Robert Aske, who reluctantly chooses disloyalty to the King as the lesser of two wounds to his conscience, to become the leader of the Pilgrimage. He makes heroic efforts to persuade the King to remove the grievances of those loyal subjects who remain devoted to the old faith, but in vain. He is treacherously arrested and by order of the King is hanged, dangling in

✪ OSCAR J. CAMPBELL is professor emeritus of English at Columbia University. He has written several studies of Shakespeare and Holberg.

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chains from the top of the keep at York until he dies.

A second is the seventy-year-old Lord Darcy, who at first defends his castle against the rebels, but soon afterward joins them and at length is beheaded. The contrast between the troubled, searching Aske and the self-assured, humorously rueful Darcy is drawn with a sure hand.

The third is the Prioress, Christabel Cowper, a shrewd and able administrator of her nunnery, but not a devout woman. She is interested in the great events that whirl around her cloister only as they imperil the safety of her nunnery and outrage her sense of the sanctity of property. She is by far the most completely realized character in the book, and the scenes of life within her convent and its purlieu are masterpieces of genre painting.

The fourth is a strange, intense young girl, who is passionately devoted to Master Aske. She is not so much a woman desiring his love, as a guardian angel, eager to protect her charge from every assault of unhappiness and danger.

The fifth is the priest, Gilbert Dawe, a disreputable and unsympathetic figure, who turns Protestant because as a poor man he deeply resents the wealth of the Church and the magnificence of her prelates. From his surreptitious reading of his English Bible he discovers the simple peasant Jesus, the carpenter's son, whom he is eager to substitute as an object of devotion for the King of High Heaven, presiding in bejewelled glory in all of the churches of Christendom. He is the unwilling, half-scornful protector of Malle, a moronic child who beholds the vision which Miss Prescott has chosen—unwisely, I think—for the title of her book. Malle sees Him go over the hill at Grinton on a pedlar's donkey, and on at least one occasion, she seems to actualize the vision. Later in the novel she imagines that great darkness covers the face of the earth, and to her come visions like those beheld by St. John in the Apocalypse. But this mystical phase of the history really comes to nothing. The other principal figures never step into the eerie light cast by the raptures of Malle's disordered mind.

Miss Prescott's way of moving continually from the chronicle of one of these key figures to that of another breaks the continuity of her narrative. This has some unfortunate results. It interrupts the sweep of the gathering forces of the rebellion and is partly responsible for the comparative ineffectiveness of the military aspect of the Pilgrimage. Yet this method of hers is deliberately artful. It gives one the feeling that each of the principal characters is being driven in a way peculiar to his nature into fated tragedy. He is the half-resisting victim of the march of events, for only the smallest part of which he is individually responsible.

Behind these central figures we see pictures, sometimes fleeting and sometimes well-rounded, of the great ones of the age—of King Henry, Queen Catherine, Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Thomas More and many others. Miss Prescott's sound scholarship, illumined by a brilliant historical imagination, gives to each of these great ones of Tudor England complete authenticity. As the author of a prize-winning biography of Mary Tudor, Miss Prescott is clearly on the side of Queen Catherine and just as clearly prejudiced against the King and Mary Tudor. Her pictures of them are somewhat distorted. Like all the other characters, Henry seems most lifelike in little vignettes such as the following: "the King with his fat white hands, powerful and nimble on the strings, plucked the small harp on his knee." Throughout the book are instants vividly realized: "It was not yet light indoors when the great gross old Doctor of Divinity from Our Lady Friars in Fleet Street wallowed up the narrow turning stair of the Beauchamp Tower blowing heavily. The warder stopped and opened a door. The friar went past him. Lord Darcy was in the room; he got up as gaunt as the other was fat, so that they might have passed in a Morality for Gluttony and Abstinence."

Perhaps the greatest triumph of Miss Prescott's art is the poetic skill in which she evokes the march of the seasons across the "blessed plot" of Tudor England. With her we feel "strong winds on bright cold

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days through the trees like a tide of hurrying water," or see "the sunshine blowing across the empty countryside like straw before the wind"; or we see that "the little hill was a hill of gold so thick the buttercups grew, and the oak trees themselves were greenest gold. . . . On the fringe of the wood the milkmaids were busy among the kine: their voices and laughter came pleasantly and one of them began to sing. All the birds were singing too, so many and so merry that there was never a moment's silence, amongst all their flutings cuckoos called, and called again from a distance."

This distinguished writing is not merely decorative. Nor is it only skillful evocation of the changing loveliness of the English landscape. The author suggests that the seasons move in their annual cycle of beauty, both boisterous and tranquil, utterly untouched by the sweep of the passions of the dramatis personae who tread English ground. The contrast of these two expressions of Fate deepens the melancholy and the irony which permeate this magnificent chronicle of the destruction of the most characteristic institution of mediaeval civilization and the tragic defeat of its heroic defenders.

A Particular Form of Wisdom

THE GLITTER AND THE GOLD. By Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan. Illustrated. *New York: Harper & Brothers. 1952. 336 pp. $4.00.*

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

In November, 1895, an American heiress was given in marriage to the ninth Duke of Marlborough. Her parents had recently been divorced, but her mother permitted the bride's father to play his indispensable ceremonial role, on condition that he make a prompt exit when the rites had been concluded. They arrived at the church somewhat late. The bride had spent the wedding morning in tears, alone, a footman posted at her door to prevent anyone from speaking to her, lest her mother's plans miscarry at the last moment. For this international "romance" had been contrived by the mother, who coerced her eighteen-year-old daughter into breaking a secret engagement to an American and making what was then called a "marriage of convenience." Two bishops performed the ceremony; "the usual hymns glorifying perfect love were sung." When the bride glanced shyly at her husband, she saw "that his eyes were fixed in space." No wonder. On the night of his proposal, Marlborough had felt "no need for sentiment." The young Duchess was soon to learn that, in order to marry her, he had given up the girl he loved. "To live at Blenheim in the pomp and circumstance he considered essential needed money, and a sense of duty to his family and his traditions indicated the sacrifice of personal desires."

The autobiography of Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan is among the most remarkable of modern memoirs. Intrinsically fascinating, it is also a uniquely valuable addition to the literature of social history, in both the very narrow and the broader sense of that term. It presents accounts of two vanished "societies"—that of the American Medici in their palaces on Fifth Avenue and at Newport; that of the English *grand monde* during the late Victorian and Edwardian eras—which, in authenticity, vividness and richness of significant detail, are unlikely to be surpassed. In subtlety of evaluation, they are almost certain never to be equalled. The drama of Mme. Balsan's personal life reminds one of *La Princesse de Clèves,* and it is recounted with a classical elegance and fastidious restraint that exemplify the distinction of her writing.

With the exception of Henry Adams, no modern autobiographer has been so little concerned with self-portraiture, or has exercised more deliberate reticence. Nevertheless, from *The Glitter and the Gold,* as from *The Education,* a portrait of the author emerges. It is a portait implied by those qualities of mind and heart and spirit which, here applied to the craft of writing as she has also applied them to the art of living, make Mme. Balsan's

---

✪ LLOYD MORRIS is the author of *Postscript to Yesterday, Not So Long Ago* and *Incredible New York.*

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autobiography an impressive literary achievement. Notable among them are her responsive sensibility, lively and disciplined intelligence, urbane wit and unfailing perception of irony in life—that fine discrimination which, again and again, illuminates for the reader some relevant incompatibility of appearance and reality. And among them also, giving the book its special note of humaneness, is the attribute of *caritas*. Call it, if you will, magnanimity or compassion or a sense of ethical responsibility for the general welfare. It is all of these and, as *The Glitter and the Gold* reveals, something more besides: a particular form of wisdom gained by those whose spirit, however sorely tried, has been indefeasible.

Her autobiography makes it obvious that, from early youth, Consuelo Vanderbilt's "democratic sympathies" were in conflict with an environment dominated by the concept of aristocratic privileges. Her mother, later to become the wife of O. H. P. Belmont, inaugurated the architecture of grandeur which Richard Morris Hunt and Stanford White practiced for the domestic pleasure of the American Medici. Hunt erected for her a Renaissance chateau on Fifth Avenue and, at Newport, a replica of the Grand Trianon. These homes, designed to be repositories of art and to provide a setting for elaborate festivities, were spectacular symbols of affluence and social power. But existence in them was singularly joyless, and Mme. Balsan's picture of "society" in the era of gilt and glitter suggests the tedious futility of its life. In England, where as Duchess of Marlborough she was mistress of Blenheim Palace, the element of pageantry supposedly had an historical justification. Moving in court circles, having won the friendship of eminent statesmen, writers and artists, she is able to give us a picture of the Edwardian era unrivalled in scope, and enlivened by characterizations of celebrities that present them in entirely new lights. But never was she able to accept "the assumption that birth alone confers superiority." After her legal separation from Marlborough, she "sought a greater usefulness in social service," was elected to the London County Council as a Progressive, and devoted herself to the interests of the underprivileged. The final dissolution of her loveless marriage by divorce was followed by her marriage to Colonel Jacques Balsan, a pioneer French aviator; her removal to France; and, in the years between the two World Wars, a social life that expressed her intelligence and taste. Like the autobiography of Henry Adams, Mme. Balsan's is the story of an education and a career. It is also a magnificent re-creation of a world that no longer exists.

Dominant Themes in Microcosm

PIONEER'S PROGRESS: An Autobiography. By Alvin Johnson. *New York: Viking Press. 413 pp. $5.00.*

Reviewed by MAX LERNER

Alvin Johnson has written a first-rate life history, but by that fact he has also written a good deal more. For he has told his life in a way that shows how it holds in microcosm all the dominant themes of our American history and society.

It is the story of an American of Danish stock—a "Norskie" son of an immigrant father, growing up on a Nebraska farm. It contains, therefore, the multiple meanings of America's two great frontier experiences —that of the successive waves of immigration freighted with their old-world cultural heritage, and that of the restless movement into the West. It contains all the force of place—the warm sense of locale and neighborhood, the love of the immediate terrain, and that endless mobility over the face of the continent which Americans have managed to link organically with their sense of place.

It is a wonderful story of the growing-up years in America, written with a poignancy which those who know Alvin Johnson's novel of his boyhood and adolescence will recapture in these pages. It underscores how crucial the rural family structure was in forming character in the generation before

MAX LERNER, columnist and lecturer, is the author of *The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes* and *Actions and Passions.*

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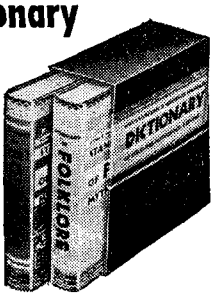

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ours—the common activities of the whole farm household which gave meaning instead of make-believe to a boy's chores; the strengthening sense of common crises met by common action; the authority-structure of the whole family which was neither a paternal tyranny nor a child-oriented anarchy, but where there was respect between the two generations. We lost something deeply formative when we moved away from that kind of family structure, and whether we can ever regain it under the new conditions of our recent social changes no one can foretell.

In his growing-up years Alvin seems to have learned from everything—from earth and sky, from the political stand of his father and the neighboring farmers, from his early efforts to earn a living on the soil. He saved his money, dreamt of a career as a doctor, shifted his interests at the University of Nebraska to the study of the classics. He tells of the wonderful burgeoning years of college, with the worlds of dead classic civilizations opening up as excitingly as did the America of the West, which was hospitable to capitalist investment and seething with Populist doctrine; and the days of love and courtship, with the sense of personal awakening hopelessly intermingled with the excitement of the classics, the war fever of the Spanish campaigns, and the first efforts at teaching a class.

From here on, Johnson became the closest American approximation I have known to Matthew Arnold's "Scholar-Gypsy," wandering from Nebraska to Columbia, to Bryn Mawr, back to Columbia, back to Nebraska, to Texas, to Chicago, to Stanford, to Cornell. He was too shy to become a faculty lion, but he was always a provocative teacher who liberated his students from their fears and self-distrust and gave them the sense that what they thought might have a value of its own. He was an economic theorist of some note, and anyone reading Dorfman's *Economic Mind in American Civilization* will find in the third volume a perceptive appraisal of Johnson's original work on rent theory and of the freshness of his economics text. But he must have been a bewildering paradox for his more solemn academic colleagues—a Nebraska farmer who knew the dead languages and most of the European living ones, an economist who knew literature and anthropology and the "new" psychology, an original thinker who was at ease in the columns of the *New Republic,* an irreverent man who refused to follow the latest revolutionary dogmas but was merciless in knocking the sawdust out of the stuffy orthodoxies. He could talk with most of his academic colleagues on the subject of their own specialties and leave them uneasy at his insights. He was impatient with intellectual fashions and fads, but his reading was omnivorous, and his mind had a buoyancy which made him hospitable to new angles of vision even while he was immune to some of the charlatans who bemused his generation as they still do ours.

It was after he had left academic life and had come to New York, first as a *New Republic* editor and then, after a spell in the Washington bureaucracy during the war years, as director of the New School and editor of the *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences,* that I first came to know him. I was a cub scholar, just out of the Brookings Graduate School, and Walton Hamilton sent me to him because Johnson was looking for some young men to help him plan and edit the *Encyclopaedia.*

I doubt whether there has ever been a similar venture in American intellectual history—a group of young people drawn from diverse fields and trainings, with every political viewpoint, drawing up a modern *Summa,* secular rather than theological. It was part a graduate school, part an intellectual big industry, but most of all, a five-year-long *Symposium* with Johnson as Socrates and the rest of us half drunk with heady intellectual vintages we had never before dreamt of. When the history of American thought comes to be written, I have a hunch that Johnson's role as the central figure in the whole *Encyclopaedia* venture will form an important chapter. What he did with the New School will, of course, loom large in adult education; his work for the University i

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Exile and for refugee scholars was a glowing instance of what one man with a will and an idea can do; his work with Elwood Mead on soil erosion and land reclamation brought together a whole range of sciences and insights which few others could summon up; and few today know that he is the real intellectual father of the Ives-Quinn anti-discrimination law of New York State and of the other states that followed its model. Yet the crowning achievement will remain, I think, that of the *Encyclopaedia*.

There is about his autobiography, as about all of his work, a deceptive simplicity that may lead the unwary to undervalue it. It is not an unburdened simplicity, but that of a man who has shouldered his burden of scholarship, as he has also made himself part of all the actions and passions of life, but has learned how to carry it so lightly that you never know the burden is there. "I condemned," he writes at one point, "the Ciceronian prose of Milton and rejoiced in the restoration of good sense in Hobbes and Locke and Hume." This is a key to Johnson's style, as to his life. His writing has much of the strength of Hobbes, along with his feel for psychological realism, and the strain of common sense in Locke and Hume. Most of all, it is at its best the kind of writing one finds in Swift—supple, unadorned, an economical vehicle to its purpose. But where Swift hated the world and himself, this man derives much of his contagion from the fact that he can believe in other men because he has a quiet fortress of strength in himself. Lytton Strachey remarked that it is harder to write a good life than to lead one. Alvin Johnson has done both.

(Continued from page 110)

the reply, "a good thing for the Devil." Professor Jones's attempt to elucidate the works of Joyce might well be characterized in the same way.

GREGORY D. WALCOTT
Long Island University
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(Continued on page 128)

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Brief Comments

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS. By William O. Douglas. Illustrated. *Doubleday. $5.00.*

Whether climbing a mountain, discussing political philosophy with a Mongolian prince or writing a book, Justice Douglas shows himself again, in this new and colorful account of his travels in central Asia, to be a man of sensitiveness and courage.

As a result of three summers spent in Asia he has reached the conclusions that feudalism is facilitating the spread of communism and that the democracies can only check Communist revolution with their equally revolutionary ideas of equality and freedom. He strongly recommends that modest and direct help be given "at the village level rather than munificent grants at the governmental level. Our program of political reconstruction in ancient feudal Asia should be tied to the *peasants,* not to the *politicians.*"

THE LETTERS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT: The Big Stick. Volumes V and VI, 1905-1909. Edited by Elting E. Morison. Illustrated. *Harvard. $20.00 the set.*

The latest portions of this monumental eight-volume series benefit from the consistently pertinent editorial comments and skillful editing which have distinguished their predecessors. Their value is candidly appraised by Mr. Morison in his introduction to Volume V: "The intent has been only to suggest that in the administration of Theodore Roosevelt there lies open a fertile area of our past for an investigation of the conduct and art of government. Such searches as may be made, involving as they do a concentration on process and negotiation in detail, will rarely reveal the highest aspirations of a nation, but they may well produce indispensable meanings for people determined to govern themselves."

RED FLAG IN JAPAN. By Rodger Swearingen and Paul Langer. *Harvard. $5.00.*

This is a challenging study tracing the growth of communism in Japan from its beginnings in 1919, through the war years, to the present. The authors marshal an imposing array of facts to document the eye-opening picture of the movement in Japan as an example of international communism in action: the party has been strengthened with funds, information, advice and cooperation from its counterparts in Russia, China and the United States. This book reveals the critical importance of Japan and the solving of its social and economic problems to both sides in the world struggle between communism and democracy.

MOZART AND HIS PIANO CONCERTOS. By C. M. Girdlestone. *Oklahoma. $5.00.*

This history, analysis and critical evaluation of Mozart's twenty-three piano concertos is an important work of humane musicology. The author, a professor of French in the University of Durham, wrote it twice, in French first and then in English. In either language, it supplies a stimulating guide to a group of Mozart's compositions which perhaps only his operas outdistance in expressiveness. Mr. Girdlestone's complete familiarity with the concertos has enabled him to construct his book on an armature of comparisons which gives it a rare aptness of citation and lends strong persuasiveness to it as an estimate.

WORDS AND WAYS OF AMERICAN ENGLISH. By Thomas Pyles. *Random House. $3.50.*

This vastly entertaining story of how Americans came to speak as they do has all the vigor and color of the language, fortified with the authority of scholarship. The author describes, in a spirited manner which is itself a useful illustration of American English, the backgrounds, characteristics and development of our speech, emphasizing adaptations and survivals from British English, adoptions from foreign tongues, and coinages. His detailed comparison of American and British English gives weight to his theory that there is not

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as much difference as commonly supposed; and his discussion of "purity by prescription" is provocative, if controversial.

HUGH WALPOLE: A Biography. By Rupert Hart-Davis. *Macmillan. $5.00.*

This is a fine biography which highlights the talent, fears and friendships of Walpole. It suggests, with slightly ironic sympathy, that his better novels are still rewarding and his failings entirely human.

HEIR OF DOUGLAS: A New Solution to the Old Mystery of the Douglas Cause, a Notorious 18th Century Scandal Over the Disputed Birthright. By Lillian de la Torre. *Knopf. $4.00.*

Miss de la Torre, who a few years ago gave us an admirable reconstruction of the Elizabeth Canning Case in *Elizabeth Is Missing,* now, with great skill and knowledge, offers a new and plausible solution to an eighteenth-century case which set English and Scottish tongues wagging fiercely with conjecture and divided factions.

THE DIARY OF GEORGE TEMPLETON STRONG: 1835-1875. Four volumes. Edited by Allan Nevins and Milton Halsey Thomas. Illustrated. *Macmillan. $35.00 the set.*

A most vivid and valuable chronicle of life in New York City as reported in the diary of a prominent citizen who deliberately tried to make his forty-year record a picture of his time for future generations.

WE CHOSE THE ISLANDS: A Six Year Adventure in the Gilberts. By Sir Arthur Grimble. *Morrow. $5.00.*

Despite wind and wave, cockroaches, tigers, sharks, germs and fevers, a young English couple and their growing family found life good in the South Pacific Islands forty years ago.

GIDE AND THE HOUND OF HEAVEN. By Harold March. *Pennsylvania. $5.00.*

A remarkably fascinating and objective study of one of the most self-conscious and controversial literary personalities of the twentieth century. The history of Gide's "Pilgrim's Progress," based on the faithful record he left in his fictional and journalistic writings, is further elucidated in this well organized, interpretative biography by Professor March. Gide, haunted by demons, condemned by society, and hounded by heaven to reveal that Idea which he felt he had been born to represent, sought to depict his struggles and justify himself through his writings. Professor March leaves the evaluation of his importance as man and artist to manifest itself, attempting only to effect a significant synthesis of his life and writings, which were so closely intertwined.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA. By Ernest Hemingway. *Scribner's. $3.00.*

This story about an old man who catches a great big fish, only to have sharks devour it before he can land, is powerful and moving out of all proportion to its brevity —it's little more than a short story. Who could write it any better? Only Hemingway. It takes the old Hemingway, and the splendid example he set, to show us where we can spot slight but disturbing weaknesses in the new.

EAST OF EDEN. By John Steinbeck. *Viking. $4.50.*

Hamiltons, Trasks and a girl named Cathy Ames, who is identified as "a monster," are the central figures in this sprawling novel. The characters are too stiff and improbable to point up Steinbeck's thoughts on the nature of evil. Instead of being grateful to him for a worthy theme, we feel dissatisfied over his failure to do it justice.

MANY MANSIONS. By Isabel Bolton. *Scribner's. $3.00.*

An old woman, looking back over some eighty years that have encompassed both personal tragedy and world catastrophe, reflects upon her life and times. Miss Bolton has conveyed most effectively the peculiar flavor of recollection. One feels very directly the spirited and courageous old woman's emotional response to life; but, somehow, neither the actual events of Margaret Sylvester's own story nor the world background

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against which her experiences are depicted materializes very vividly for the reader.

THE SINNER OF SAINT AMBROSE. By Robert Raynolds. *Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75.*

A long, contemplative novel with interpolated splashes of vividly dramatic scenes, culminating with the sack of Rome by Alaric. The central figure, Gregory Julian, is a transitional figure, representative of a transitional age. Tutored by Augustine, conversant with Ambrose, Alaric, Pelagius and Theodosius, he is in an admirable position to survey and appraise the disintegration and fall of the Roman Empire in the West. Mr. Raynolds' grasp of the historical picture is remarkable, but the heart of his book is in Gregory Julian's search for God.

TESTIMONIES. By Patrick O'Brian. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.00.*

A morbid, poetic tale, told with consummate skill and effectiveness. A middle-aged Oxford ex-don, ailing in body and spirit, seeks peace in a secluded Welsh valley. But here, midst the bald hills and harsh elements, his deeply repressed emotions are stirred. His haven becomes the jungle of his own worst fears when the innocent but suspect love between him and the wife of his Welsh neighbor unleashes the savage fury of the primitive valley people: "With us, the enemy is within each man . . . while we remain man, we cannot beat the ape."

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK. By Giovanni Guareschi. Translated by Frances Frenaye. Illustrated by the author. *Pelligrini & Cudahy. $3.00.*

The Little World, a small village somewhere in the valley of the Po, and the Flock, the village inhabitants, have not changed during the two years since Giovanni Guareschi introduced them. Mayor Peppone is still saluting the People, and Don Camillo, the sturdy priest, still manages to stem the tide of communism—if not that of the Po—which threatens to engulf his village. Indeed, the reader who enjoyed the first sketches will be delighted to find that an unwavering Don Camillo has returned, "blowing his horns full blast and covered with glorious mud."

It is a good thing to read of a world—even a little one—to which stability returns every day before sunset.

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR. *Knopf. $4.00.*

This volume of Frank O'Connor's collected stories, some newly written, others revised, not only conveys the special and wonderfully rich quality of Irish life, but seems at times to stretch to take in the whole of human nature. Mr. O'Connor has his share of the great heritage of Irish writers: a droll wit that stems from a warm heart and a clever head; an intense compassion for his countrymen, as well as a sharply critical eye; and the zeal to reform, without, however, falling into the pitfall of oversimplification. His is that rare capacity to be critical without being bitter: the bell he tolls sounds not the knell but the angelus.

(Continued from page 125)

Between You and I

The comments of Mr. A. M. Withers on Donald J. Lloyd's "Our National Mania for Correctness" [AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Summer, 1952] struck a very responsive note when he said, "Radical wrongness is visible in the products of these schools, who go through life torn between 'for him and me' and 'for him and I.'" Fortunate indeed are those thus torn between these alternatives. For many years it has been my lot to be associated with persons whose instruction in English grammar can best be described by the barbershop cliché "once over lightly." Their constant and unblushing use of "between you and I" led me to wonder whether it would not be possible to charter a "United Between-You-and-I Club" to which all between-you-and-I-er's could belong. The slogan of the club, of course, would be that it is "United" because in that word the "n" comes between "U" and "i."

ALBERT L. WECHSLER
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